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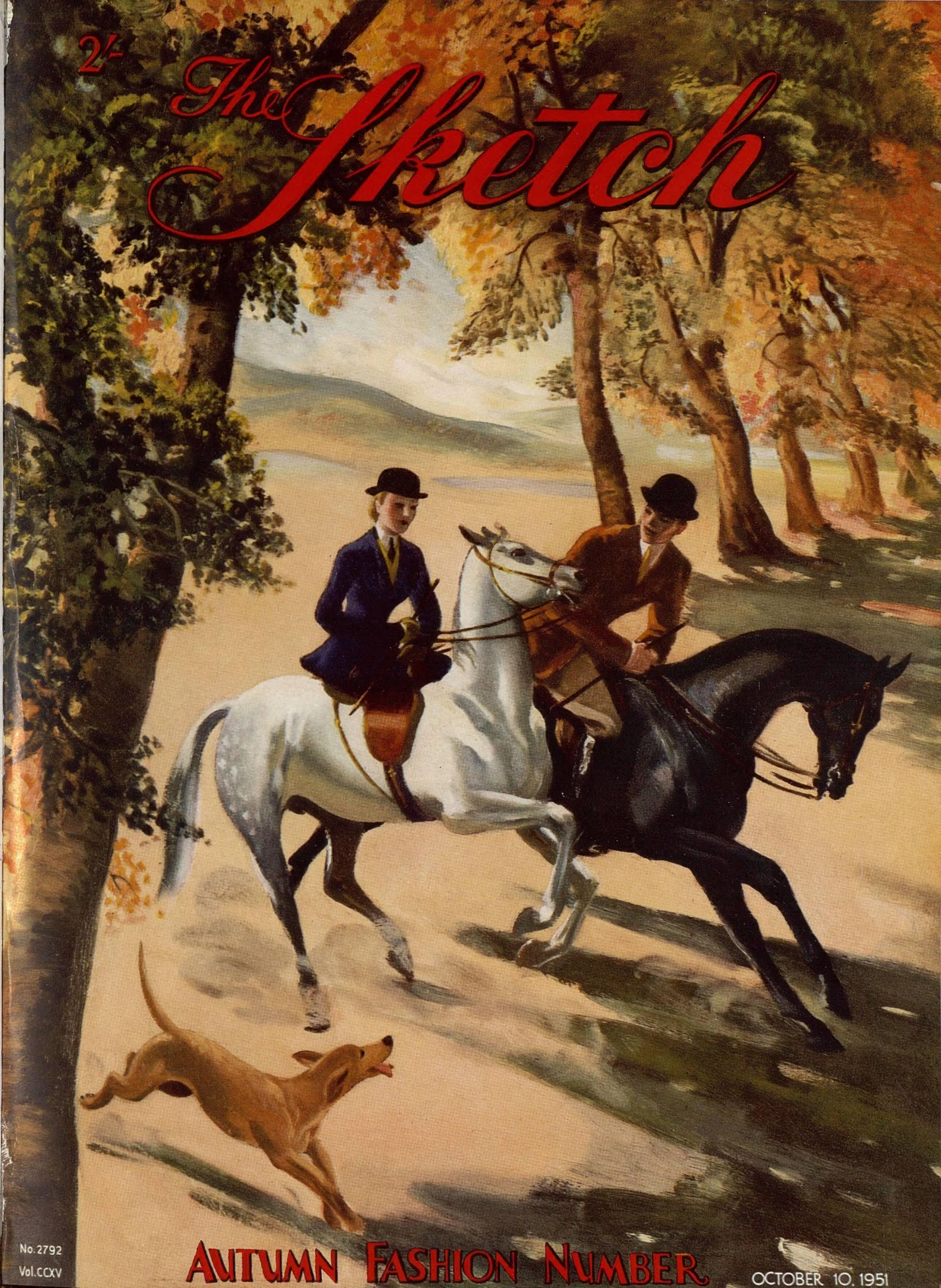
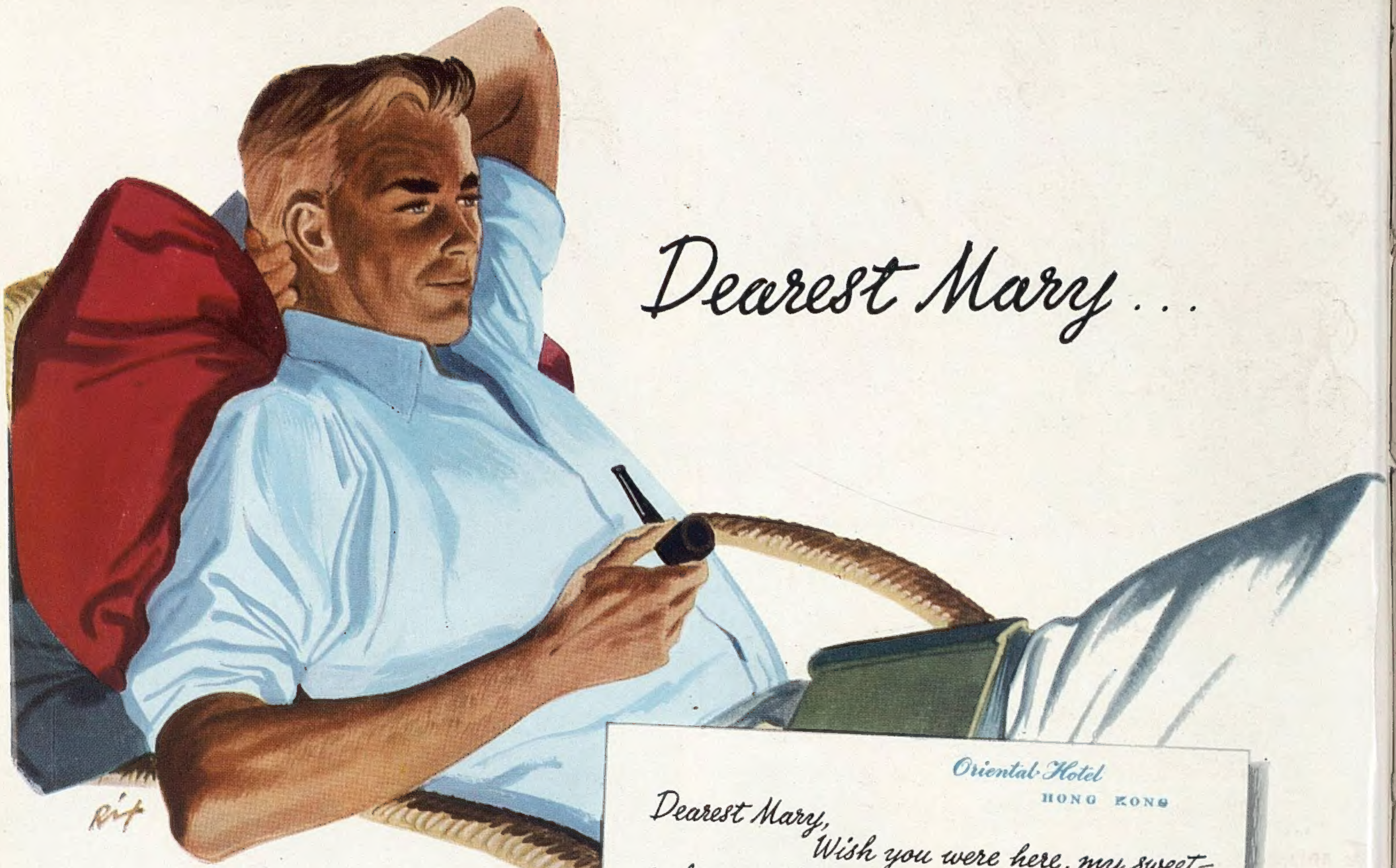
The Sketch



No. 2792
Vol. CCXV

AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER

OCTOBER 10, 1951



Oriental Hotel
HONG KONG

Dearest Mary,
Wish you were here, my sweet—soaking up the sunshine with me. Finished the job sooner than expected so now I'm taking a couple of days rest. Rode the funicular to the Peak this morning—swimming at Repulse Bay this afternoon! It's an extraordinary feeling being the other side of the world three days after packing in Chelsea. Wonderful flight on top of the clouds—smooth as silk. Fed (and drank!) like a lord on the plane. After the B.O.A.C people have whisked me to our Cairo office, down to Jo'burg and home, I'll know a bit of geography! What about a flying trip for the two of us on our next holiday?

All my love, Bob

P.S.—Did I leave my blue silk tie in the top left drawer?

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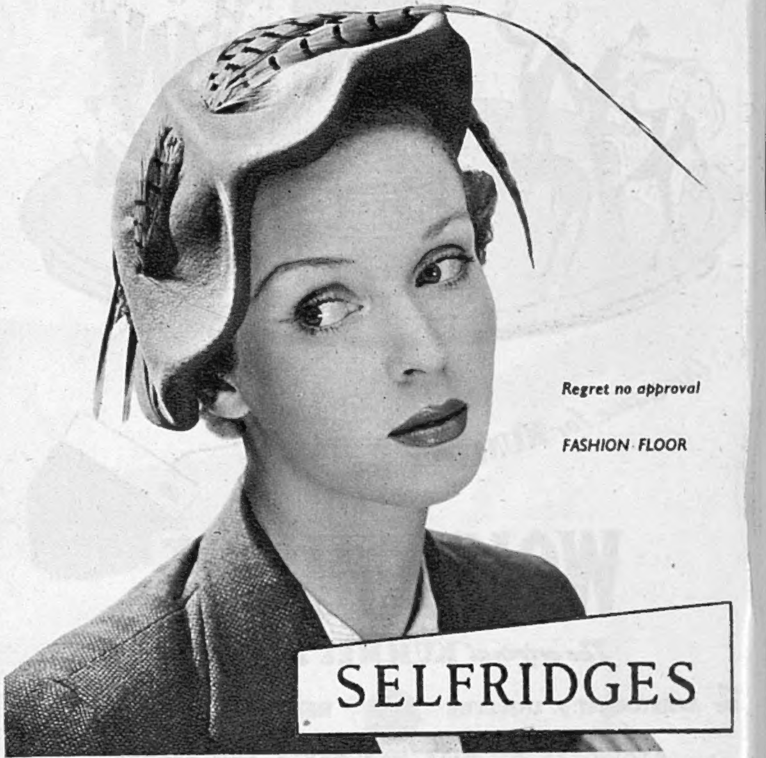

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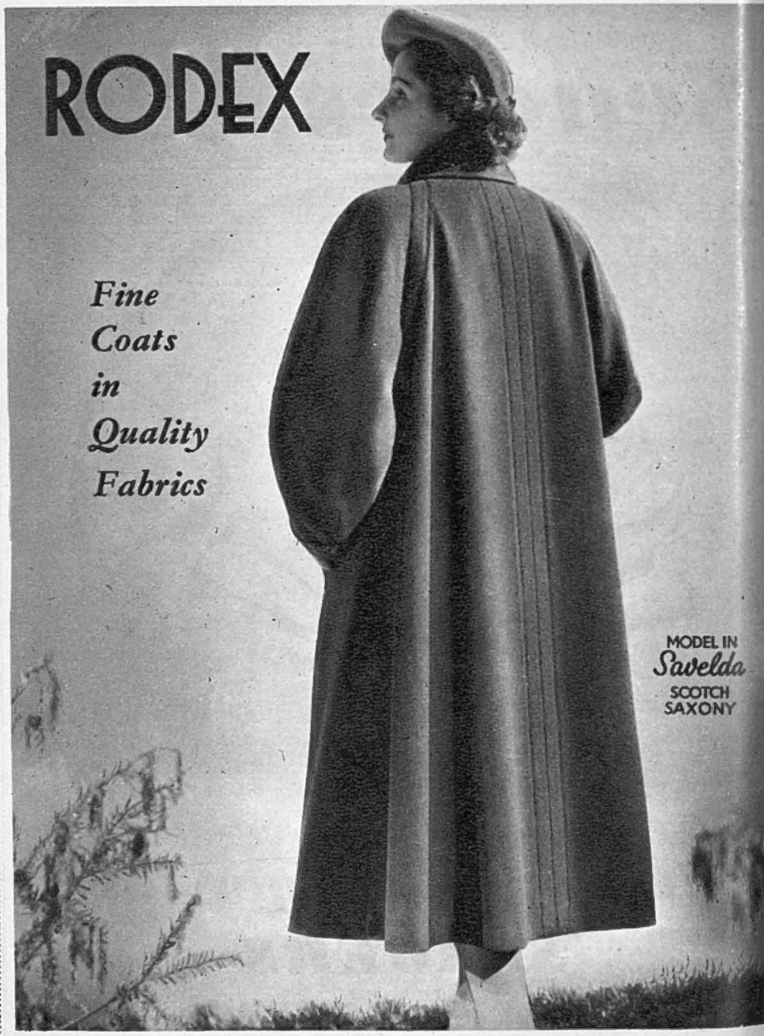

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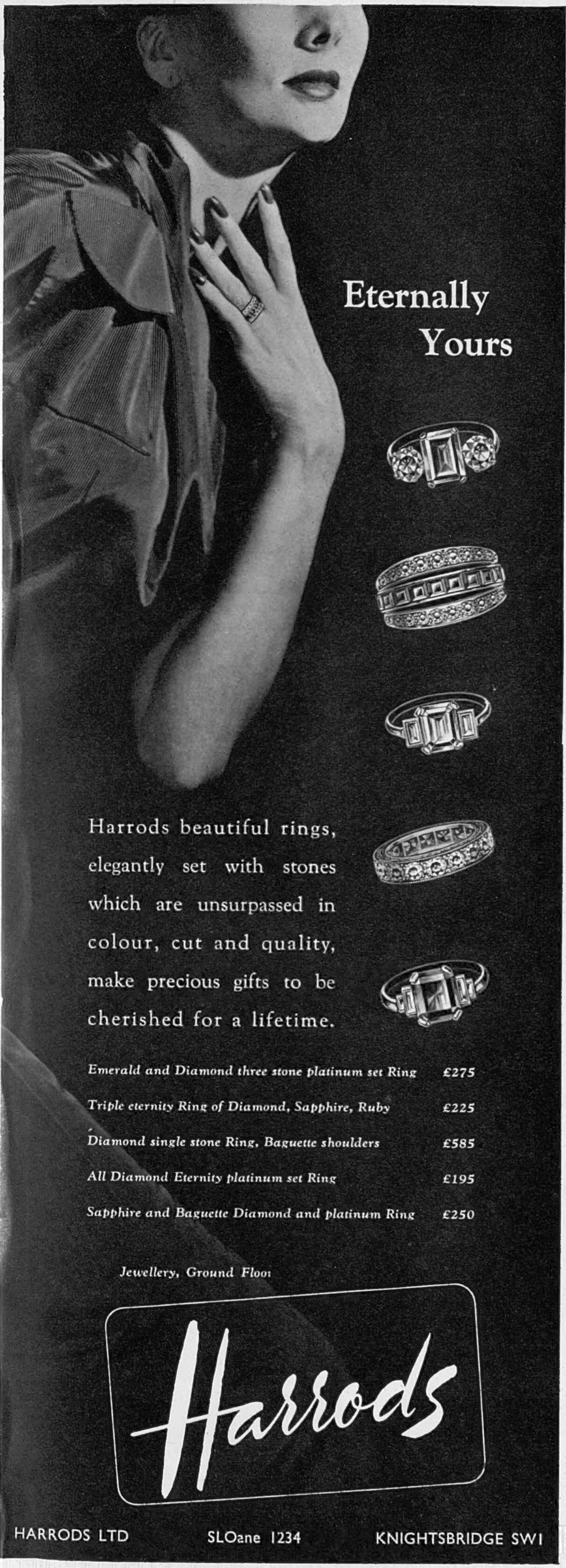
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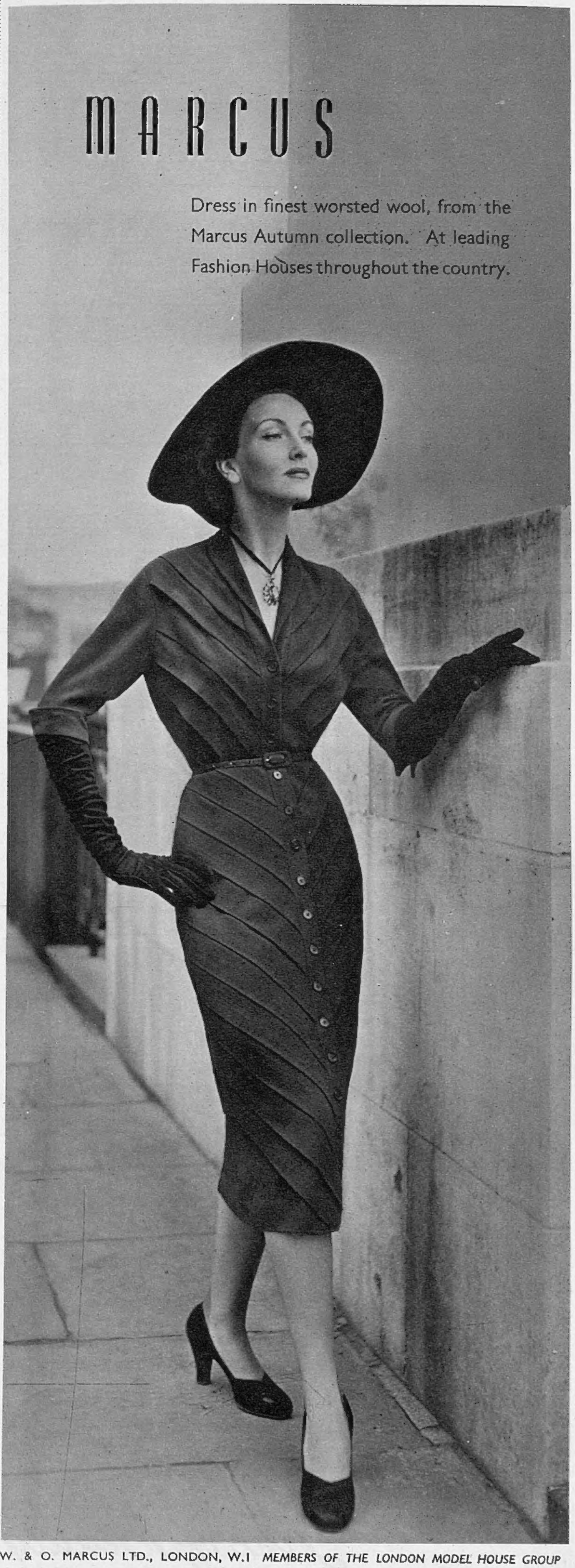
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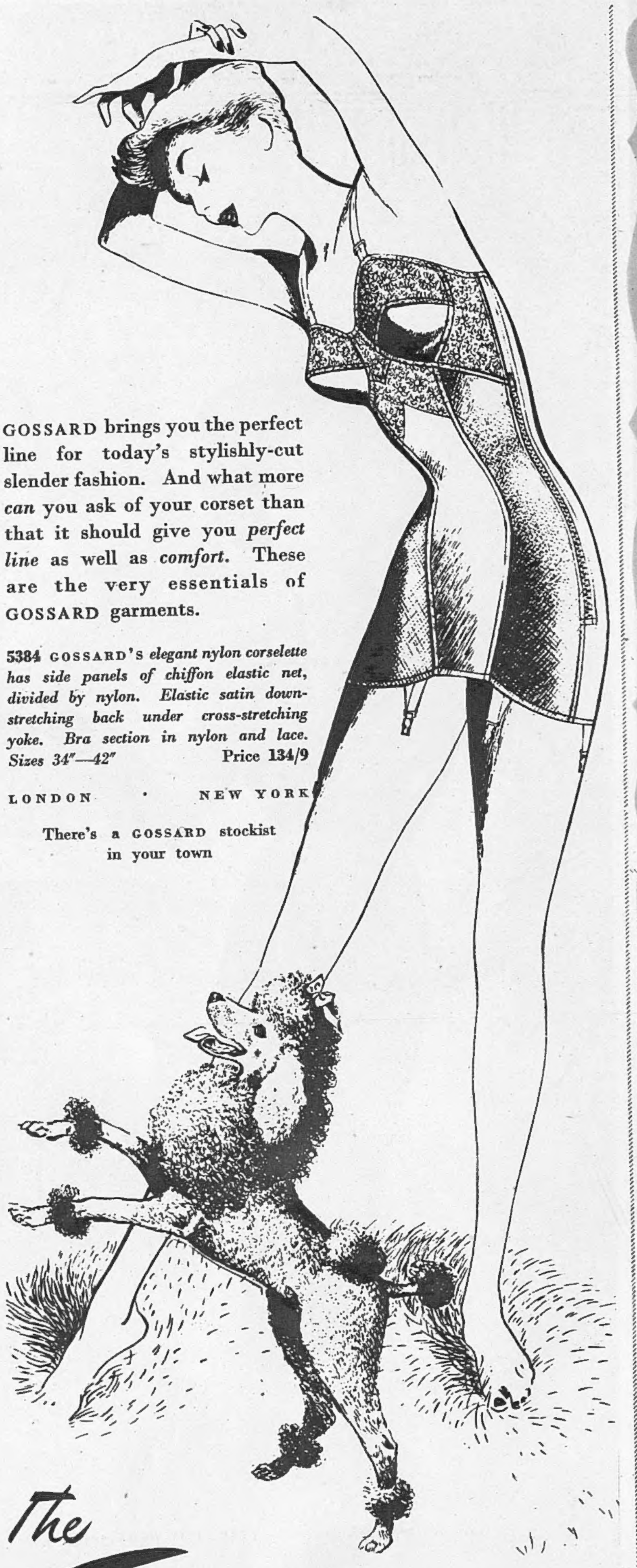

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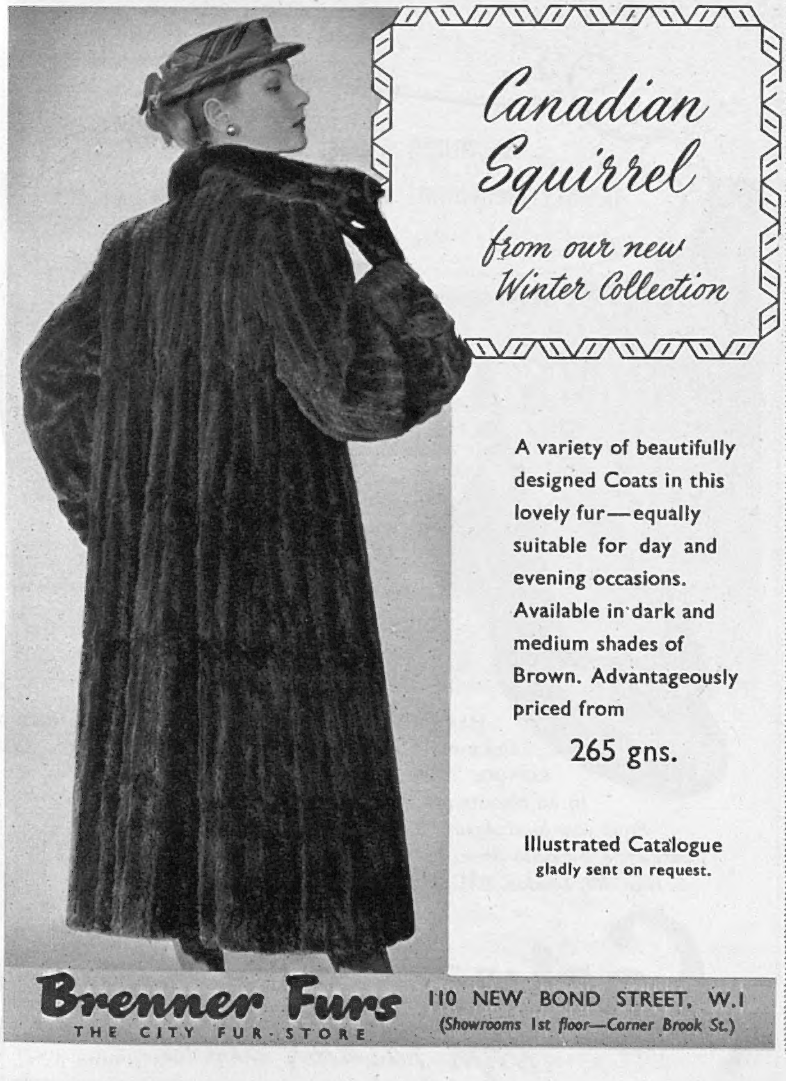
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All Youthlines are made in dazzling white, and some now also in black or wild rose pink.

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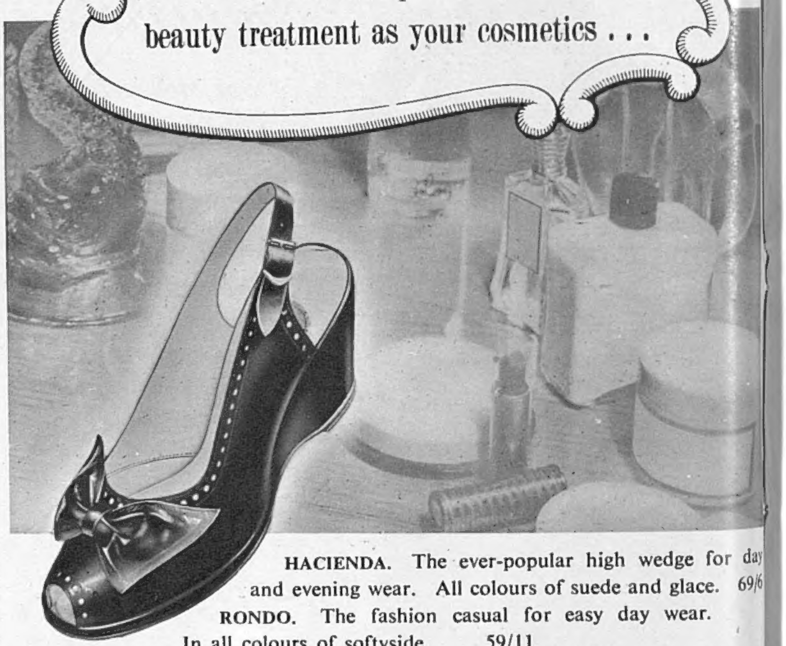

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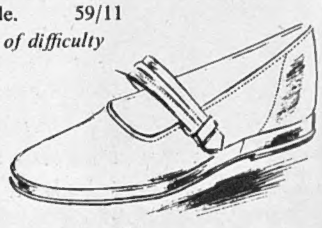

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. . . it's a **Susan Small world!**

Susan Small's "SHOT TOWER"
In iridescent Taffeta.
Sizes 12 and 14 only. Priced about £15.10.0
Write for name of nearest stockist.

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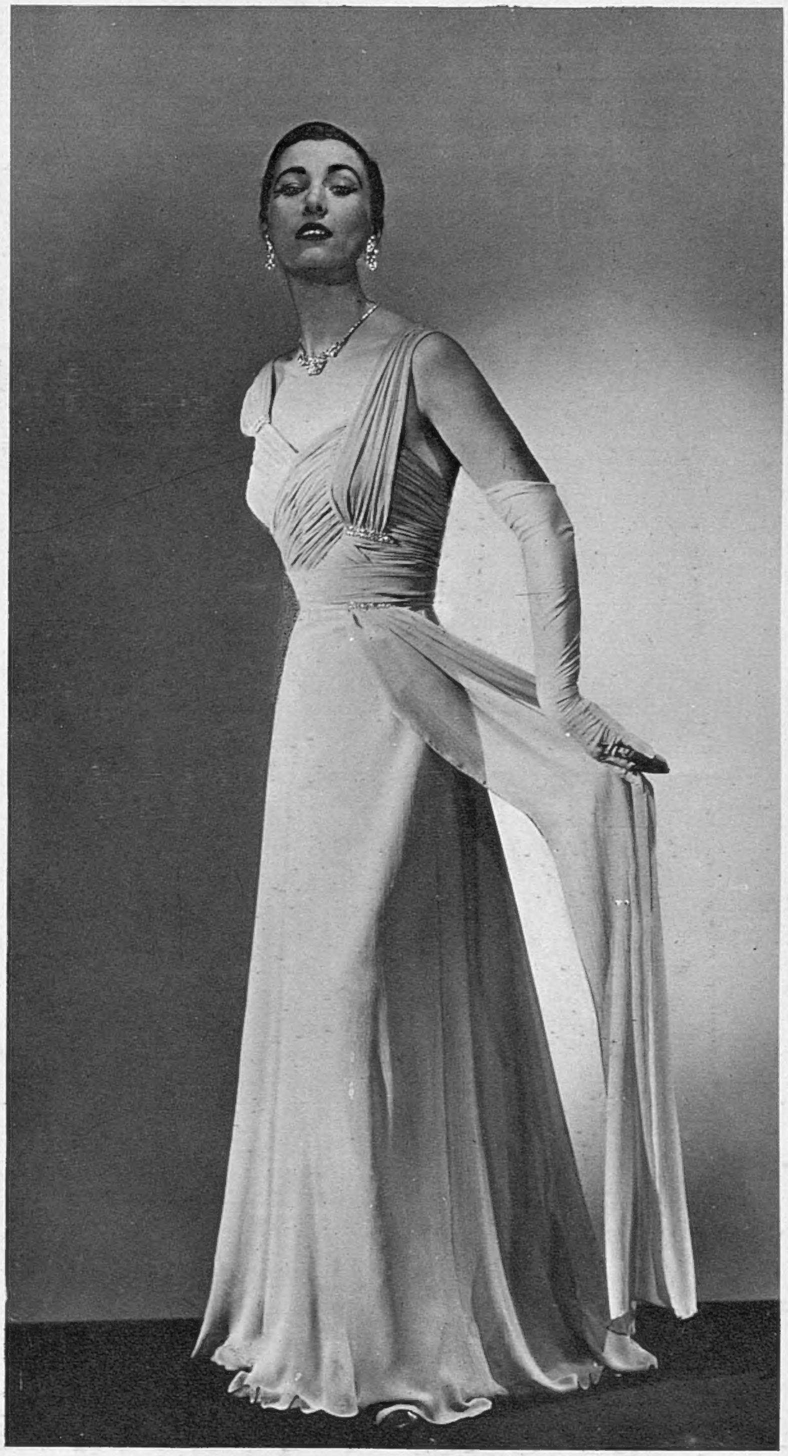

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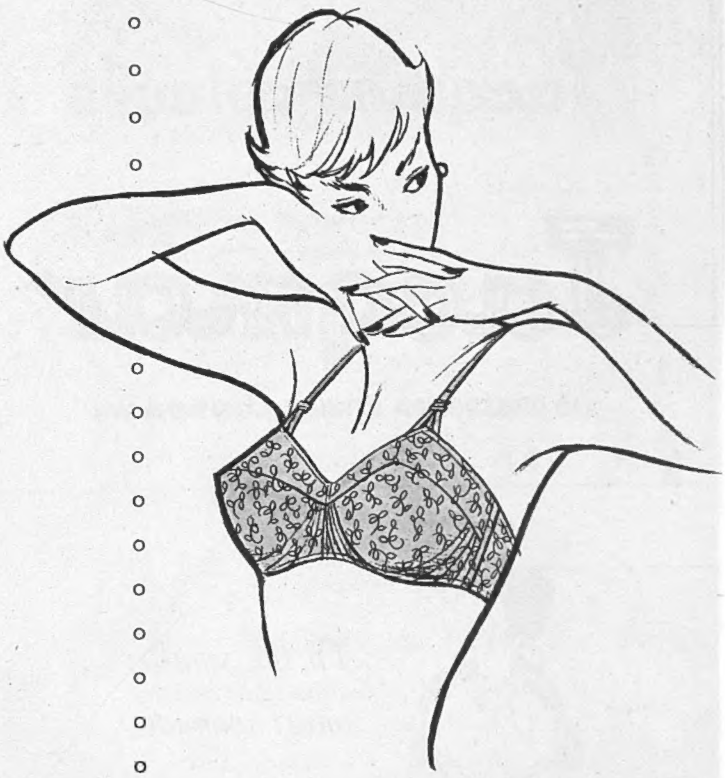

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the **wetherall** saddlestitched fourway (with matching shoes-bag-hat)

is created in our new **'dulverton racin' huntin' plaid'**

inspired by the race meeting after which it has been fittingly named

so new it has hardly had time to get its breath

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1951

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Jack Emerald.

BRENDA BANCROFT inherits talent from those stars of the Edwardian stage Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, her great-grandparents. Still a R.A.D.A. pupil last April, she was awarded a special Judges' Silver Medal. Now, aged twenty, she has her first West End chance; a character part in *The White Sheep of the Family*, by Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach, due to-morrow evening, October 11, at the Piccadilly. Co-starring are Jack Hulbert and Joyce Carey.

With the closing of the South Bank Exhibition on September 30, the Festival of Britain was brought to a close. On the Fairway, near the Dome of Discovery, thousands of visitors joined in community singing after the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, some 200 strong, had beaten Tattoo.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

I CAN never make up my mind whether I like autumn or not. There is plenty on the credit side, of course. It can be such a beautiful season. There is shooting, there are blazing fires (the Ministry of Fuel permitting) to make up for the loss of a problematical summer sun. On the other hand, the " season of mists and mellow fruitfulness " usually coincides, as at this moment of writing, with the first miserable, snuffling cold of winter. There is also the knowledge that one has to endure January, February and the Inland Revenue before spring breaks through again. I suppose the autumns that are likely to remain most attractive in my memory are those of undergraduate days. The hot baths after bicycling back from playing games, comfortable teas with anchovy toast in front of the fire in one's rooms and the luxurious decision afterwards that there was not, in fact, time to do that essay for one's tutor before Hall. Incidentally, on the subject of anchovy toast, how fallible is memory ! I used often to drop in at teatime at Monsignor Ronnie Knox's house, the Old Palace. There was always a movable feast for an indefinite number there, of which the central feature was anchovy toast. I once said so in print, but Ronnie assured me that I was quite wrong, that he didn't like anchovy toast, and that he never had it for his guests.

INCIDENTALLY, we are creatures of extreme habit, particularly in the matter of times of year we take our holidays. As the memory of a recent visit to Spain fades, I wonder why those who are not tied to the school calendar ever take a holiday during the height of the season. Winter in Spain, for instance, is normally beautifully sunny, and I have bathed in Majorca on my birthday, November 21, and at Torremolinos, near Malaga, on December 1.

Taking an out-of-season holiday has the advantage that one misses a large number of fellow-countrymen and women. I speak a little bitterly, as the beautiful little single hotel hide-out on the Costa Brava which I discovered last year was also discovered this year by other people only a few weeks before we arrived. It was impossible to escape from

them. They played ping-pong, with happy cries, till three o'clock in the morning. And at four in the morning they would let everyone in the sleepless hotel know that they were now going to "take a dip." Indeed, we moved to S'Agaro, a little farther along the coast, to escape them. Purely due to the kindness of my friend who owns the whole of S'Agaro, Don José Ensesa, who sent instructions that we, a party of six, were to be put up in his own house if necessary, we were able to get in at short notice.

Don José is a remarkable man. He is rich and an architect. A quarter of a century ago he discovered this lovely little headland and bay (the water is so deep that the *Hood* anchored 100 yards offshore during the Spanish Civil War), and set about building the perfect seaside resort for himself and his friends. He is universally known as "Cæsar," and, indeed, he is a most benevolent dictator. That is to say, that to this day he will allow no building to be erected without his passing the plans and the siting, and, like our Royal Family, will not grant more than a year's lease to anyone on the estate. The result is as near perfect a village as can be imagined—Señor Ensesa's efforts having been as successful as the very similar ones of our own Clough Williams-Ellis at Port Meirian. Long may he flourish and long, too, may sophistication be kept, particularly in the matter of the wording of the English notices put up in S'Agaro, at bay. Alas, we were not able to stay for it, but I shall long cherish the card of invitation which we received and which states that :

Again this Enterprise will organize a great festival, next saturday 15th September, in the Saloon of "TABERNA DEL MAR" of S'Agaro, as farewell and end of season of 1951, the benefit liquid of which will be destined to Charitable Work of San Feliu de Guixols.
AT 11 O'CLOCK NIGHT. ENTRANCE 25 PTAS.
Admission by strict invitation which has to be exhibited at going into the Saloon which will be typically and richly ornamented for this festivity.
Being very limited the number of tables, we recommend to ask the reserve of them, soonly. THE ENTERPRISE.
Orchestra VICTORS 11 professors.

I do not know which I appreciate more, the thought of the "benefit liquid" or the hint of the high academic distinction of the "11 professors" in the orchestra. (A "wood-wind of professors" makes a delightful norm of assembly.)

I AM all against the increasing drab uniformity of correct English abroad. It was a shock, for instance, to find, on the first visit in Switzerland after the war, that in the carriages of the Wengernalpbahn we were brusquely told "not to spit" *tout court*. Before the war the notice read "Please don't spit about"—which gave an air of nonchalance and vague inaccuracy to an otherwise disagreeable habit. I fear, too, that the instruction on the weighing machine at Grindelwald Station, which read, if I remember rightly, "Wait until the platform is calm. Then throw in a piece of 10 cts." may not still be there. I am, however, delighted to see that the leaflets for the admirable Hotel Mencey in Santa Cruz de Tenerife still speak of the "warm sea breezes caressing the robust faces of the local businessmen as they talk about their affairs."

I suppose the all-time high in "foreign hotel English" was at Tokatlian's Hotel in Istanbul, where I discovered before the war such a delightful list of regulations that I copied them out in full. Alas, I cannot locate them among my papers at the moment, so that only one remains clearly in my memory. This was : "No foreign washerwoman may be introduced into the rooms after 10 o'clock." To this day my imagination has been boggling round this enigmatic statement. I have been unable to decide whether it was in the interests of morality or some form of oriental trades-unionism that these sloe-eyed laundresses were subjected to this hampering restriction. It may, of course, have been in the interest of security in that E. Phillips Oppenheim city. For was it not in a rival establishment, the Pera Palace, in the days of Abdul Hamid and the Young Turks, that there was displayed in the lounge the notice : "*MM les espions sont instamment pries de ne pas deranger les hotes*" ?

"The motif may be further embellished by an arrow, should you wish it, Sir . . ."

Drawn by Donald Green.

WHEN this appears we shall be in the midst of the Election. On the whole, it seems to me (and I have spoken nightly in five elections previous to this one) that the art of heckling is improved. This, I believe, is due to the fact that the Tories, who before 1946 seldom heckled, have now developed it to a point at which their interruptions are superior in quality and quantity to those of their opponents. Nothing is more amusing than those rare occasions when the quick-witted speaker comes up against the quick-witted heckler. I say "rare," for, like the larger carnivores, they tend to avoid each other. From the speaker's point of view, if you know your stuff and can keep your wits about you, all but the toughest heckler can be a godsend. For not in vain is the net spread in the sight of those who would give you the bird. Many of my readers will cherish their favourite specimen of what they consider the unanswerable retort. American friends claim that the following (which is so good that even at the risk of bringing a faint blush to the Editor's cheek I propose to tell it) is their best.

William Jennings Bryan, "the silver-tongued senator" whose famous speech "Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a Cross of Gold" is in all the anthologies, was winding up the Middle-Western section of his Presidential campaign against William Howard Taft. He was addressing a small knot of Middle-Western farmers from the steps of the saloon in a little community. "My friends," he said, "before I begin my address I have an apology to make to you. It is on behalf of my dear wife, who cannot be with us to-day. There she lies, dear, devoted soul, worn out by the rigours of this campaign, sleeping the sleep of the just in yonder special train. But, my friends, I venture to make to you a prophecy. In a twelvemonth from now she will be sleeping in the White House in Washington."—"Oh !" said a voice from the back of the crowd, "she'll be sleeping with old Bill Taft then."

History (with her irritating reticence) does not relate the sequel, but if you can find a come-back to that one you are a cleverer man than William Jennings Bryan was !

Guests danced to Lionel Parker's band (he 's on the left). Half-centre : Dr. Buckley partnered Miss June Robertson. Centre : Miss Felicity Triggs danced with Mr. Michael Bardsley, of Caius College, Cambridge, while her mother, Mrs. Triggs, with back to camera, danced with her husband, Colonel R. G. Triggs, the Club's Secretary.

L. to r. at dinner : the Premier's daughter, Miss Felicity Attlee, talked to Lord Craven ; centre, Mr. Rudi Weissweiller—an ex-president of the Oxford Union—Mrs. Weissweiller and Mr. John Sassoon.

First dance of the season was that of the Challoner Club, which held its Anniversary Ball at the Dorchester on September 21. A most cheerful, friendly affair, with good band, good dinner, and good company. The Challoner Club, under the patronage of Cardinal Griffin, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, is quartered in Pont Street, and is the only Catholic Club of its kind. Opened in 1949, it takes its name from Bishop Challoner, perhaps the greatest Catholic figure of eighteenth-century England. It is strictly non-profit-making ; is open to both men and women, and while it is a national centre for the Catholics of England, those of other countries are made very welcome and, this Festival Year, numbers of foreign visitors have found it a comfortable and friendly meeting-place, with its ample, well-furnished lounges, reading, writing and lecture-rooms, and delightful atmosphere.

By " The Sketch " special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

The Challoner Club had a Birthday Ball

At one table, l. to r., were : Mrs. Corrigan, Mrs. Feeney, Mr. H. A. Corrigan, Mrs. Tressidder, Mr. A. E. Wadham and Mrs. Wadham.

Under the chandeliers between dances : Miss Stallaert and Mr. Snodgrass.

At coffee, l. to r. : the Very Rev. Prior Pontifex, one-time housemaster at Downside, Colonel R. G. Triggs, the Club's Secretary, Mr. J. Tressidder, Hon. Treasurer, and Sir Harold Hood, Editor of the Catholic *Who's Who*, which comes out next year for the first time since 1941.

After-dinner chat : Mr. Lofflar, Miss Schatzl, Miss Quigley, Mr. Webber, Miss K. Schatzl, Mr. Goldie, Miss D. Simpson and Lieutenant Walters.

The Challoner Club had a Birthday Ball

(Continued from previous page)

Mrs. Michael Forte cut the Club's birthday cake.

Over cocktails, l. to r.: Mr. J. Guntrip, Mrs. Guntrip, Mr. Lascelles and Miss Dow.

The waiter opened a fresh bottle for, l. to r.: Miss Yvonne Carter, Mr. David Poland, Miss Melville, Mr. John Graham, Mr. Tony Berrett and Miss Susan Brian.

Rather than cabaret, a dress parade was put on by Neil Roger. Gowns modelled included, besides this chic evening gown, a romantic white tulle wedding-dress.

Party prelude, l. to r.: Dr. O'Callaghan, Mrs. O'Callaghan, Mr. Gill, Mrs. Swainsberry, Miss Valerie Wood and Mr. Morley.

Above: Panoramic view of the ballroom during dinner.

Below: The flower decorations were organised by Mrs. Weissweiller. Beside one mass of them between dances stood Mr. T. W. Fanning, Miss S. Scrase and Dr. H. G. Piperger.

Right: After-dinner conclave was held by, l. to r.: Mr. Des McCon, Mr. Leon Gonet, Miss Janin, and Mr. Brand, from Holland.

"AND SO TO BED"

A musical version of J.B. Fagan's charming and witty comedy *And So To Bed* is due to open at the New Theatre next Wednesday, October 17. Vivian Ellis, of *Bless the Bride* fame, has written the music and lyrics, Mantovani conducts the orchestra and Wendy Toye directs.

The indomitable Samuel Pepys is played by Leslie Henson and the action of the play takes place on a June evening in London, 1669, soon after the last entry in his famous diary.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Houston Rogers.

1. "And if I find that the *Great Bear* sails in silken petticoats . . . !" threatens Mistress Pepys (Betty Paul), who suspects that an appointment at the Navy Office is in fact a rendezvous with a woman.

2. Samuel Pepys (Leslie Henson) keeps his assignation with Mistress Knight (Jessie Royce Landis), one of Charles II.'s mistresses, and persuades her to try on a pair of green stockings. He kneels to admire. Mistress Knight: "Down on your knees, Sir!"

3. A knock on the door sends them into a flurry. The King is expected. Two servant girls (Hazel Jennings and Stella Chapman) pack a protesting Samuel into a chest. Mistress Knight: "And don't breathe."

4. King Charles (Keith Michell) is admitted, and seated on the chest flirts with Mistress Knight. He admires the peace, order and beauty of the apparently empty room. Mistress Knight disguises her anxiety for the contents of the chest.

5. Meanwhile a suspicious Mistress Pepys makes a surprise call to inform Mistress Knight that she has found her address among Mr. Pepys' papers—". . . and in your writing!" The King goes into hiding behind a curtain.

6. The King is discovered, but only after he has learnt the reason for the call. He offers to retrieve the key of Mistress Knight's lodging which, for safe keeping, Mistress Pepys has slipped down her dress. "May I exercise a Royal prerogative?"

7. The King, having eventually succeeded, by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and diplomacy, in getting Mistress Pepys out of the room, orders Pepys to come out of the chest. King Charles: "Samuel—come forth!"

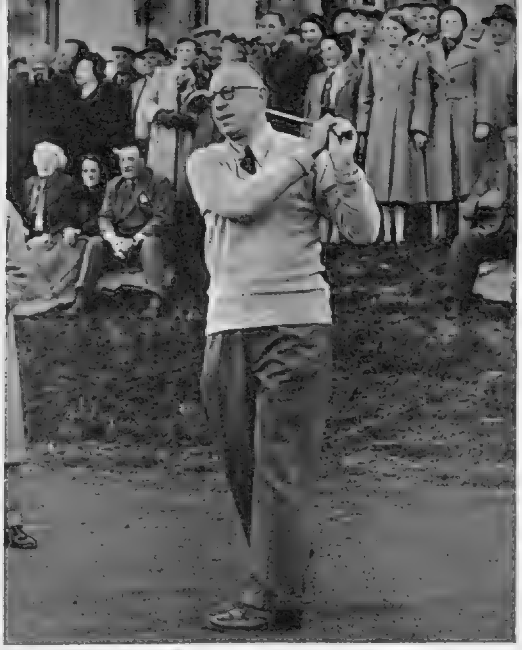
8. After a prolonged argument with his Majesty, Samuel Pepys arrives home to find a party in full swing. Everyone is enjoying it except Mistress Pepys (solemnly seated, centre, with glass).

9. When the party is over, Mistress Pepys accuses her husband of not going to the Navy Office. "You were with *that woman.*"

10. Eventually he is forgiven, and Pepys is grateful for an understanding wife . . . and so to bed.

Social

SEPT. 19.—At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Mr. M. P. Forsyth-Forrest, son of Major and Mrs. Forsyth-Forrest, of Kineton, Warwickshire, married Miss Robina J. Grosvenor, daughter of Captain Robin Grosvenor—Duke of Westminster's cousin and heir-presumptive—and Mrs. Grosvenor.



SEPT. 19.—Following my last issue St. Andrews picture. Mr. Francis Ouimet, famous golfer and sportsman—made history as first American ever to play himself in as Captain of the R. and A. As he drove down fairway, caddies scrambled for ball, and subsequent gold $5 piece.

SEPT. 20.—Snapshot arrived to-day of King and Queen of Greece at reopening of Greece's "shop-window"—the International Fair of Salonika, on Sept. 16—the first since 1940. More than 300 overseas exhibitors participated.

SEPT. 22.—Saturday wedding at St. Nicholas Church, Compton, nr. Guildford, for Miss Daphne Anne Gates, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, of Littleholme, Guildford, and Mr. J. W. Kennedy, son of the late Mr. T. W. Kennedy, and of Mrs. Kennedy, of Devonshire Place Mews, W.1. For their honeymoon: Continental tour.

SEPT. 22.—To wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton, when Mr. P. S. Bazett, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Seymour Bazett, of 30, Rodney Court, W.9, married Miss Rosemary Firebrace, only daughter of Commander Sir Aylmer Firebrace, R.N., retd., Chief of the Fire Staff, 1941–1947, and Lady Firebrace, of 3, Eaton Mansions, S.W.1. Reception: Hyde Park Hotel.

SEPT. 22.—Stag-party—25th anniversary of formation of No. 605 (County of Warwick) Fighter Squadron—was held at R.A.F. Station, Bromwich. Dinner was arranged by Air Cdre. J. A. Cecil Wright, A.F.C.—who raised Squadron in 1926—and past officers. *Left:* Air Cdre. Wright with Air Vice-Marshal Atcherley, A.O.C. 12 Group Fighter Command. Centre back: Lord Willoughby de Broke, A.F.C. *Right:* W/C. W. J. Walker (left) met S/Ldr. L. Walker (no relation) and S/Ldr. J. Button.

SEPT. 24.—To Old Vic Theatre, where Donald Wolfit scored *tour de force* in Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great.* His acting so realistic, hearts missed a beat. In the stalls: Mr. Peter Watling, Miss Rachel Gurney.

SEPT. 25.—Evening of enchantment, a glittering audience at St. James's Theatre, for opening night of short season of French plays by the Compagnie Madeleine Renaud, Jean-Louis Barrault: *Les Fausses Confidences* was all Madeleine Renault's—while Barrault, with expressive charm, mimed sequences from film *Enfants du Paradis.* Above: Noël Coward, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, shared box with French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli; congratulated Mlle. Renaud (spotted dress).

SEPT. 24.—Tremendous ovation and boisterous enthusiasm at the Royal Albert Hall. Occasion, the last of the season's "Proms" given by the B.B.C. As she got up from the piano, Miss Eileen Joyce's arms were filled by giant bouquet presented by Mlle. Veronique Franchi—a real armful of flowers. Watching from his dais was our successful flying conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent.

SEPT. 25.—Seven-week-old son and heir of Lord and Lady Westmorland was christened Anthony David Henry Francis (Fane) at the Grosvenor Chapel. Right of his parents is godmother Miss Susan Hornby, whose wedding—due at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 19, may be postponed, owing to General Election.

SEPT. 27.—To Hampshire Horse Show, Hunter Trials, at Bentworth, near Alton. Winners in the Team Jumping Hunter Trials were the Woodland (left), l. to r.: the Hon. Mrs. Hermon-Hodge, Mr. H. S. Rubin, joint Master, and Miss de Pass. *Right:* Second in same trials were Hampshire Hunt A team, l. to r.: Mr. B. Butler on *Bruto,* T. Barnes on *Estrella,* and Mr. J. Andrew on *Harlequin.* Quite a number of well-known riders and horses took part under not-too-good conditions, as weather appalling; heavy rain.

Social

SEPT. 27.—Fine day for International Gundog League Pointer and Setter Society's Championship Meeting at Sutton Manor, Sutton Scotney, Hampshire. Mr. M. Carter, who handled for Mr. M. G. Christie, holds Mr. Christie's *Hoyden of Abbotsend* and *Downsmans Reaper of Abbotsend.* With him, Mr. W. C. Brunt holding *Scotney Earl,* winner of the All-Aged Stake, and owned by Mr. J. Arthur Rank, who was himself present with his wife, his daughter, Mrs. F. Packard, and little granddaughter Susan.

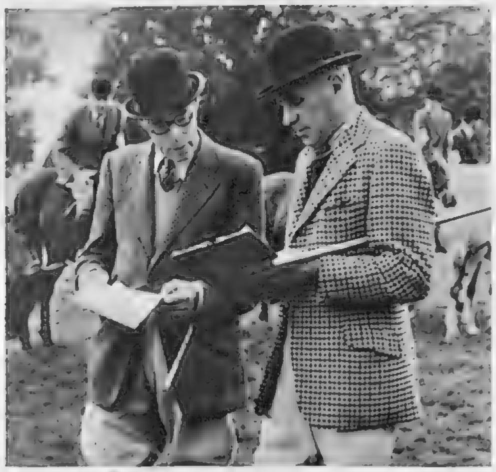
SEPT. 27.—In the pretty little Dorset village of Shroton Fair, near Blandford, the meet of the Portman Hounds was held. Sir Randolph Baker, who lives close-by, stopped to wish Mr. W. Scott, one of the joint-Masters, good hunting.

SEPT. 27.—Lively cocktail party at the International Music Association H.Q. for Dr. D. C. Dounis, professor of the violin celebrated for technical writings and unusual teaching. He 's here on a brief visit from New York, where he has a penthouse studio. Above, Mr. Max Salpeter, leader of Philharmonia Orchestra, listened while Mr. John Denison, Music Director of the Arts Council, held forth. Among the distinguished guests were Sir John Maud, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Education, with his charming wife. Lady Maud is a professional pianist and plays under the name of Jean Hamilton. In place of Miss Sybil Eaton, who was indisposed, guests were received by Lady Wilson.

SEPT. 28.—Conservative candidate for Faversham, Major Clive Bossom, son of Mr. Alfred Bossom, Tory M.P. for Maidstone, married at Waldershare Parish Church, Dover, well before Election day. His bride, Lady Barbara North, daughter of the late Lord North, and sister of Lord Guilford, is helping her husband campaign.

SEPT. 29.—Keeper of the King's Stamps Sir John Wilson looked on while Lord Alexander of Tunis, Governor-General of Canada, examined some below-eye-level exhibits. Occasion was the first Canadian International Stamp Exhibition, in Toronto. The King showed about 100 pages from his own collection.

Diary



OCT. 1.—To the Garth Hunt Horse Show and Hunter Trials at Stanlake Park, near Twyford, Berkshire, where good jumping was to be seen. L. to r.: Mr. Wynmalen and Col. Townsend judged working hunters and jumping.

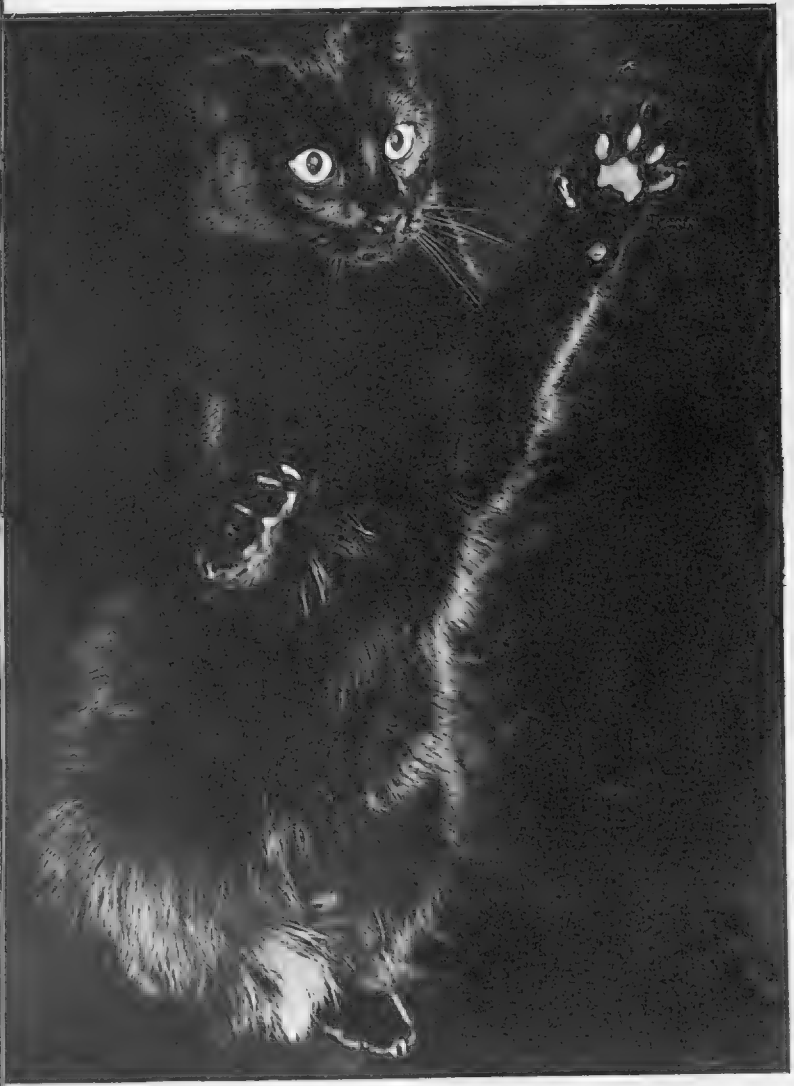
OCT. 1.—At the same venue Keith Gibson, of the Stocklands Riding School, won first prize in the Open Juvenile Jumping, Class 2, on *Clonmoyle*—a pretty pair of jumpers. Another winner in Class 3, the Adjacent Hunts Hunter Trial, Household Cavalry, was Captain Naylor-Leyland, on *Bloodshot*, who also came in second in Class 4, Open Hunter Trial. He 's recently announced his engagement to the Hon. Elizabeth Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of Lord Fitz Alan of Derwent.

OCT. 1.—Also at the Garth Hunt Horse Show at Stanlake Park was Mrs. J. Sutton, who has a very pretty seat on a horse. With Mr. S. Stevens' *Royal Rose*, on which she is seen here, she won first prize in Class 1, Working Hunter Trials.

OCT. 1.—Here, at B.O.A.C. H.Q., inspecting the map of the route, are the captain and crew of the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser *Canopus*, due to fly Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh from London Airport to Canada last Monday. It 's the first time ever the Princess took off on a midnight flight. The Royal pair arranged to start their Canadian tour yesterday, October 9. L. to r.: Captain O. P. Jones, Navigating Officer H. A. Doughton, First Officer G. Slocombe, 2nd Captain A. Hughes.

OCT. 2.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. C. V. Booth-Jones, Royal Horse Guards, son of Major and Mrs. T. V. Booth-Jones, of Hale Park, Fordingbridge, Hants, married Miss Louise Edwards, daughter of Colonel Guy Edwards, of Rockcliff House, Upper Slaughter, Gloucestershire, and of the late Mrs. Edwards.

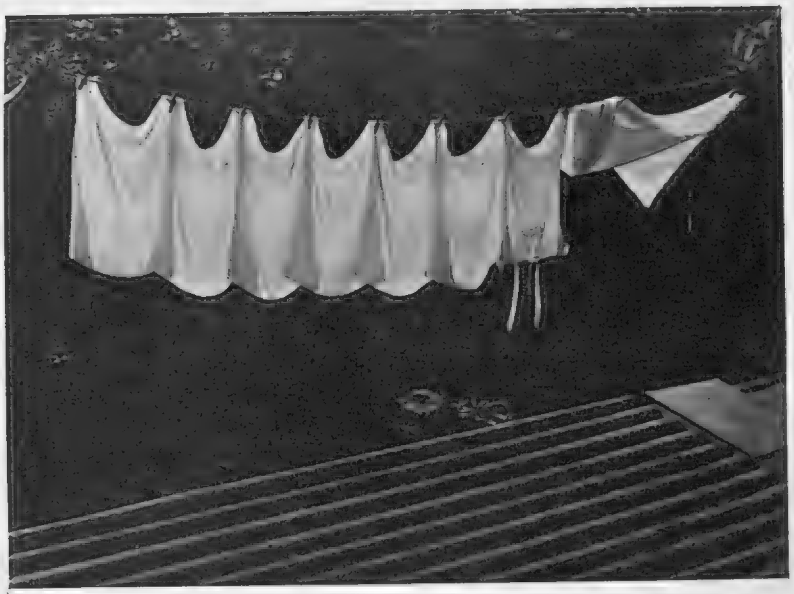
OCT. 2.—Mr. Winston Churchill ("Good old Winnie!" cried the crowds) at a pre-General Election meeting at Liverpool Stadium, walked through cheering masses of his followers, after opening the Tory campaign. Fighting fit, he made a really characteristic speech, full of apt allusions, trenchant phraseology. His mien was sober, strong, warning as he stirred visibly the enthusiastic meeting of his supporters.



CONDUCTING THE MIDNIGHT ORCHESTRA, by J. T. White.

LOW KEY, by W. A. J. Paul.

SAPLINGS, by Edwin Broomer.



NAPPIES, by G. Macdomnic.

MOODS AND TENSES AT THE LONDON SALON

EVENING IN PARIS, by E. Gordon Barber.

SUBURBAN SOLITUDE, by C. L. Clarke.

BALLET, by Carl Mansfield.

The 42nd International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography is on at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26-27, Conduit Street, W.1, till Saturday next, October 13. The keynote of the exhibits is indicative of the general attitude to life of the younger cameraman—of which those reproduced on these pages gives a fair cross-section. The study of a cat on nocturnal adventure is in delightful caricature of any of our best-known conductors.

LANGSTONE HARBOUR, by J. Milner.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

HARRY WEETMAN : For crashing into the front rank of national golf, and winning a place for himself in the Ryder Cup team.

Harry Weetman, the young Croham Hurst assistant, beat Scottish International James Adams in the 36-hole final of the *News of the World* Professional Match-play Championship. It was played out in perfect golfing weather on September 22 on the Royal Liverpool Club's course at Hoylake, Cheshire. Weetman, thirty years old, nearly 6 ft. tall, is a golfer of immense power. Adams, ten years senior, is a comparative veteran. It was his third final in this tournament and his second on this great course, where he was for some years professional. Both finalists have been elected members of the British Ryder Cup team to play in the U.S. in November.

MICHAEL BURNETT and his friends : For setting up a home-operated broadcasting system.

A "closed circuit" broadcasting system, as imaginative and as efficient as the B.B.C. but a good deal smaller, has been set up in a private home in Hull, Yorkshire. At the back of the venture are two keen young men, Malcolm Addey and Michael Burnett. Both hope one day to find jobs with the B.B.C. They use standard equipment; relay their programmes through a wireless set. The B.B.C., already interested in these young people, have invited the team to take part in two programmes. Here are five of them performing : Michael Burnett, John Branton, Steven Hare, Greta Curtis and Valerie Billham.

M. CHARLES ELLEANO : For crossing one more river.

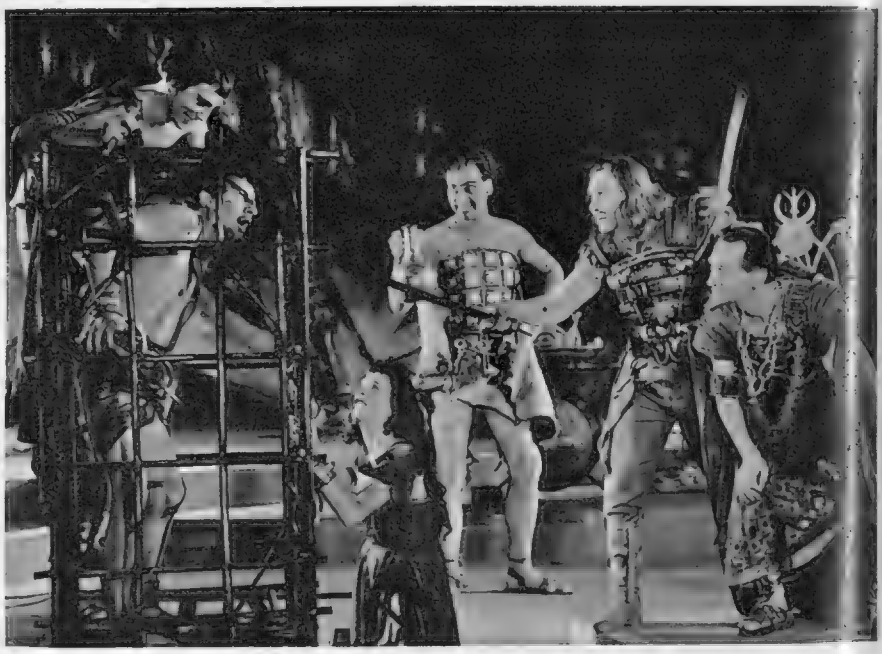
The River Thames can now be added to the list of rivers, including the Rhine and the Danube, which M. Elleano has crossed walking on a tight wire. Thousands of visitors to the South Bank Exhibition watched while this Frenchman, forty-two-year-old father of six children, made his spectacular journey. He took 25 minutes to cross.

Photograph by R. Winquist

LOCKED OUT?

Donald Wolfit as Tamburlaine.

Tamburlaine presents the crown of Persia to Cosroe (David Waller), whose brother Mycetes, King of Persia, has just been defeated in battle.



Bajazeth, conquered Emperor of the Turks (Leo McKern), imprisoned in a cage and fed by Tamburlaine from the point of his sword, is watched despairingly by his Empress Zabina (Margaret Rawlings). David Greene as Techelles ; Reginald Tate as Theridamas.

Jill Balcon as Zenocrate, daughter of the Soldan of Egypt.

AT THE THEATRE . . . . with J. C. TREWIN

"TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT"

FOR years, indeed since I first read the play, I had waited, without much hope, to meet in the theatre two of the famous lines of English drama :

Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis ?

In my heart I had never expected to hear them, any more than I had prepared for the fulfilment of a stage direction from the same play : " Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by the Kings of Trebizond and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, and in his right a whip with which he scourgeth them."

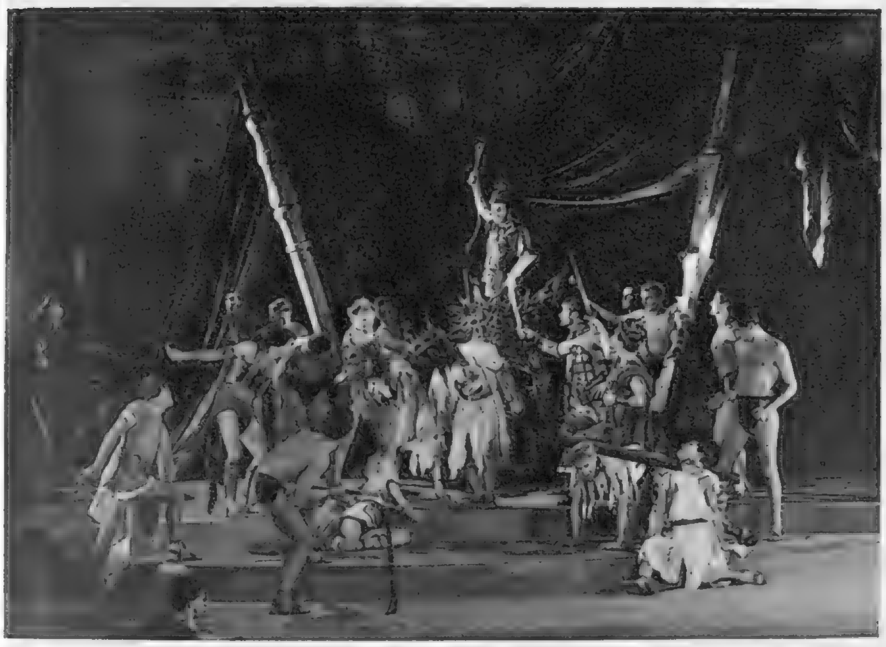
Now, for a few weeks more, you can hear and see these things at the Old Vic in the first recorded production for centuries of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*. Originally, this was shaped as two plays. Tyrone Guthrie, who produces, and Donald Wolfit, who acts the Scythian shepherd-conqueror, have condensed them into one evening's barbaric pageant.

Here, in *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe—his imagination surging—experimented for the first time with blank verse. Within his opening lines he tells us what

Photographed by

The death of Cosroe. Tamburlaine, coveting the crown of Persia, kills Cosroe, whom he helped to achieve it. L. to r. : David Greene as Techelles ; David Waller as Cosroe ; Lee Montague as Usumcasane ; Donald Wolfit as Tamburlaine ; Reginald Tate as Theridamas.

With fear and admiration Zabina (Margaret Rawlings), Empress of the Turks, holds up the imperial crown of Turkey.



" Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia ! " Tamburlaine drives his war chariot, to which is harnessed two of the kings he has overthrown.

Crawling over a vast map, the dying Tamburlaine points despairingly to the lands he has not had time to conquer.

the manner will be. The Scythian tyrant will threaten the world with " high astounding terms." He will scourge kingdoms with a conquering sword. There must be " a great and thundering speech." We have no plot except a tale of siege upon siege, conquest after conquest.

So kingdoms fall. Monarchs are slain, tortured, humiliated. Speeches roll and billow with proper names. Tamburlaine's lips—as in the speeches to his loved Zenocrate—are royally touched ; then he falls again to drum-and-trumpet work. It is intensely stirring. We may recoil from certain cruelties, Belsen-horrors ; but these are as much of the period as the thundering lines, the chariot-wheels of conquest. We may not want to see the play again, but no one who experiences it once will forget its impact.

What do we remember most from all this ? Bajazeth, Turkish Emperor, in his cage ; the Governor of Babylon hanging in chains and arrow-riddled ; the moving thrones of Zabina and " divine Zenocrate " ; the scourging of the Kings (" pampered jades of Asia ") ; the scene, strongly-acted, in which Margaret Rawlings, as an Empress beaten and fettered, goes mad with grief. Donald Wolfit strides across the play. For my part, I shall think first, with admiration, of his breadth and vigour as the Scythian tyrant, and also of a line, at Zenocrate's death-bed, that shone suddenly from the gilded welter of words : the simple " Come down from Heaven, and live with me again." Wolfit is Tamburlaine in manner more than in aspect—some of his costumes should have been reconsidered—but there is little else to fault in a production, for an immense cast, that Guthrie has directed, and Leslie Hurry decorated, with a sharp, tireless imagination. It is indeed passing brave to be a King and ride in triumph through Persepolis.

John Vickers.

AT THE THEATRE . .

West End Favourites

KISS ME, KATE
(Coliseum).

The title is a tag from Shakespeare; but, though scenes from *The Taming of the Shrew* are in progress during the complicated action of the piece, you should not expect any classical atmosphere. The libretto is by Bella and Samuel Spewack, and the music by Cole Porter: during the evening Valerie Tandy sings the number made famous over here by Julie Wilson, "Always true to you, darling—in my fashion." Patricia Morison and Bill Johnson head the cast of an ingenious musical revel.

THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN
(Duchess).

Liam Redmond has now brought his coaxing Irish quality to the part of the most enterprising mortician in Colorado. During Dalton Trumbo's casket-scene farce, an undertaker who, for reasons of his own—very good ones—does a little body-snatching, finds that the corpse sits up peevishly and complicates a perfectly straightforward design.

THE LYRIC REVUE
(Globe).

I should choose *The Lyric Revue*, now up from Hammersmith, as the best since Farjeon's day, if it were only for Irlin Hall's Manet-barmaid scene, and for Joan Heal's fireworks in a refractory sedan-chair. But the whole affair, produced by William Chappell and with much material by Arthur Macrae, has an altogether uncommon wit and poise. I commend to you George Benson on Scoops, Dora Bryan at the information-desk, and Joan Heal and Graham Payn as a willow-pattern pair in difficulties.

THE LITTLE HUT
(Lyric).

Against the glowing, sultry colour of an Oliver Messel set, and in a volatile production by Peter Brook, the castaways of this joke-from-the-French play out their brisk comedy. Nancy Mitford has adapted it from André Roussin; her original title was *Island Fling*, which seems to me to be very just. Robert Morley, who cuts a gravely relishing caper; David Tomlinson, and Joan Tetzel (back from holiday), are a shipwrecked "triangle"; their adventures on this isle in the tropic seas do not follow any expected pattern.

ARDÈLE
(Vaudeville).

This is the only play of Anouilh's in the West End until the arrival of *Colombe*. It is a strange piece, with a philosophy that not everyone will accept. Considered simply as an exhibition of theatrics, it can excite. George Relph expresses subtly the old General who is pursued by the cries of his demented wife.

Tamburlaine the Great, at the Old Vic, which is our critic's First Choice, is reviewed separately on pp. 344-345.

THOR, WITH ANGELS
(Lyric, Hammersmith)

YOU cannot keep Christopher Fry off the London stage—not that anyone who cares for the theatre would want to try. It is two-and-a-half years now since the programmes have been without him. *Thor, With Angels,* which keeps Fry before us for another month, arrived first at the Canterbury Festival in 1948. I am bound to say that it is better suited to the Chapter House than to Hammersmith. Still, we welcome any chance to hear Fry in spate. *Thor* has all the words, even though it may be short of the appropriate action.

The scene may put you off if you are not historically-minded. It is a Jutish farmstead on the site of Canterbury; and, try as I may, I cannot find Jutes the best of stage companions. Certainly, Fry's Jutes (Kent, I repeat, not Dundee) are more eloquent than their historical forbears may have been. They can scatter the theatre with metaphor and image; their speech is gold-inlaid. After twenty minutes or so, the theme—the message of Christianity to a pagan world—begins to hold the mind: Fry's language always takes the ear. I would say that this is a piece for those who do not demand action, but who like to roll on their tongues such lines as these:

Our ploughshares jag on the stumps of
moon-white villas.
And my brain swerves with the sudden
sting of one
Of the island gods, the down-and-out
divinities
Moping, mildewed with immortality,
Cross-boned on weedy altars. . . .

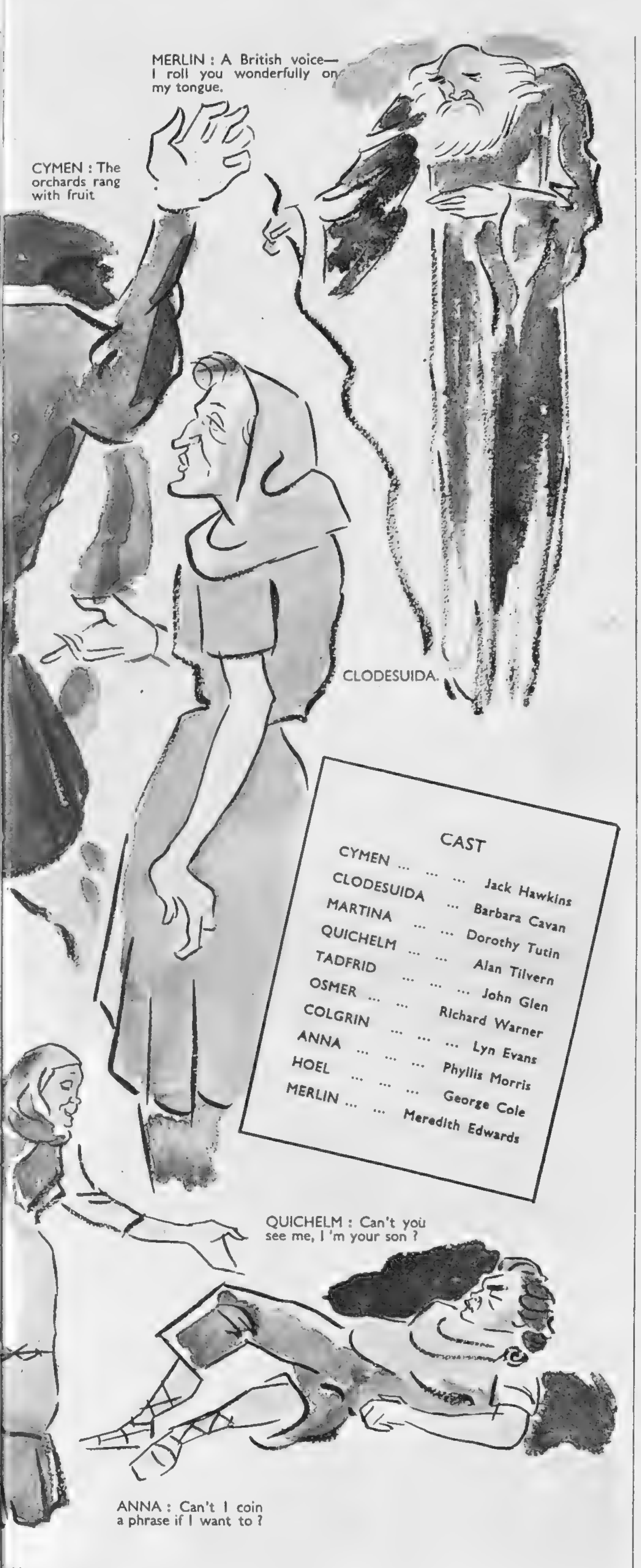
and these:

Primrose and violet
And all frail privileges of the early
ground
Gather like pilgrims in the siales of
the sun.
A ship in full foliage rides in
Over the February foam, and rests
Upon Britain.

The first passage is spoken by Jack Hawkins, the Jutish chief who listens to Augustine and who feels the stirring of the Christian faith. The second is spoken by Meredith Edwards as Merlin. "He would have been two hundred years old at this time, if a day," observes Mr. Fry gravely. I can record that Jack Hawkins, acting and phrasing Cymen with fervour, is for me a perfectly reasonable portrait of a Jute in A.D. 596. About Merlin I must hedge: no doubt Mr. Edwards looks like him, but I cannot say—with memories of Frank Napier's serene performance at Canterbury—that this is Merlin's genuine voice. Dorothy Tutin and George Cole act agreeably, and there is a matching production by Michael MacOwan.

GRIFF at 'Thor, with Angels' (Lyric

. . with J. C. TREWIN



Theatre, Hammersmith)

RAINBOW SQUARE
(Stoll)

I KEEP calling this *Rainbow Corner*. But the Corner was a brighter place than the Square, which is in post-war Vienna, on the boundary between the American and the Russian Zones. The librettists, Guy Bolton and Harold Purcell, have done their best to make it bright; Robert Nesbitt, who produces, has toiled even harder. He fills the place with people; he brings on travelling actors and a fair. He has an earnest and single-minded expert to walk a tight-rope in the background. Everything is flourish and spectacle. Add music by Robert Stolz, with a final number entitled "Bells of Saint Veronica"—

Be the night however so long, dawn at last to-morrow will climb,
Bells of St. Veronica, every day brings nearer the time
When you ring our wedding-day chime. . . .

—add all this, with a last melodramatic how-d'ye-do and a chase up the scaffolding of a church, and one would say that the recipe was faultless. Alas, it is not. The night falls. Its humour pancakes; its drama limps. We are left to admire the singing voices of Gloria Lane and Martha King, the loyal comedy of Sonnie Hale, Vera Pearce and Alfred Marks, and George Ramon's solid set. I must go on preferring an older musical-comedy Vienna, though it was certainly an idea to let us have a change.

MRS. DOT
(Arts Theatre Club)

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, in 1908, was a young dramatist tapping out calculated and artificial light comedies that slipped smoothly into the day's fashionable chat. They are unimportant; but they revive pleasantly, both for the sake of their comic invention and for their picture of the Edwardian round. Life is an unclouded run of house-parties and brisk talk. There are vast incomes, troops of servants. Joan Swinstead's production mirrors the time. I am grateful for the bubbling of Patricia Burke as Mrs. Dot, who can manage everyone and everything; and for Jack Allen as her adorer—no player so resembles an anxious spaniel—Anthony Ireland's witty-at-all-costs looker-on, and Daphne Slater's demure Girl of the Period; she is one of our best young actresses.

TEN MEN AND A MISS
(Aldwych)

THEY wept like anything to see such quantities of sand. . . . Here the scene is Iraq: it is, I am afraid, a sandy farce, though Hy Hazell roams into it as the stranded girl in the officers' mess—it is that kind of play—and there is a comic batman. I enjoyed as much as anything the disarming curtain-speech of Cyril Wentzel, the South African author, who wrote the piece, as "a bit of nonsense," to amuse himself.

Plans for the Future

We are soon to have a new Peter Ustinov play. The redoubtable actor-dramatist has written *The Moment of Truth*, which Linnit and Dunfee will stage next Monday at Nottingham. In this, produced by John Fernald and designed by Fanny Taylor—again *The Love of Four Colonels* collaboration—Eric Portman appears as a veteran soldier in retirement who emerges to save his country from overrunning by enemy troops. In the cast I notice the names of Charles Goldner, Josephine Griffin, Anthony Marlowe, and Cyril Luckham.

THE WHITE SHEEP.

John Fernald, a busy producer, has directed Jack Hulbert and Joyce Carey in *The White Sheep of the Family*, the Ian Hay—L. du Garde Peach comedy that cheerfully survived a first-night alarm at Liverpool when the civic electricity supply failed. Mr. Hulbert has his first straight part on the stage, though he has done others in television, including the lead in Ian Hay's *The Housemaster*. The theatre is the Piccadilly; the date, to-morrow (October 11); and the management, the Daniel Mayer Company.

LORD OGLEBY.

"What with the dew and the east wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screwed to my body." That is Lord Ogleby speaking in the Garrick-and-Colman comedy, *The Clandestine Marriage*. It has not been revived for more than fifty years. Donald Wolfit is to play Ogleby at the Old Vic for a three-weeks run from December 5; Rosalind Iden (Mrs. Wolfit) enters the company, Reginald Tate and Peter Coke have parts, and Hilton Edwards (of the Dublin Gate) produces.

SOUTH AMERICAN.

Joaquin Perez Fernandez and his *Danzas Latino Americano* have been packing the Marigny in Paris. Jack Hylton brings them to the Adelphi on Oct. 17. England has never seen a *Danzas* before: here are the songs, dances, native traditions, ritual and legends of Latin America, with superb costumes—all authentic, none made specially for the theatre—that are worn by Indians and half-castes.

GETTING AROUND

Orson Welles opens as Othello at the St. James's on October 18 and the Old Vic revival (with Douglas Campbell) begins on October 31. . . . Yvonne Mitchell, Marian Spencer, Frank Pettingell, Jean Cadell and Rosalie Crutchley are in the cast of Neville Croft's *All the Year Round* (Duke of York's from October 26). . . . On October 30, and for two weeks, Emlyn Williams, in the character of Charles Dickens, will give a "solo performance" of scenes from the novels at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

Our cameraman left his seat at the table to "shoot" lunch-time in the hall-dining-room at Reddish House—while Mr. Beaton poured out the claret for Miss Davies. Behind his mother, Mrs. Beaton, is a screen decorated with eighteenth-century prints of the Duke of Newcastle's equestrian school. The dining-table is a fine example of William and Mary period furniture. On the left is Mr. Hal Burton, who has done décor for various productions at Stratford; and has produced plays at Brighton for H. M. Tennent.

At Home to "The Sketch"

MR. CECIL BEATON

Reddish House, Broadchalke, near Salisbury—home of Mr. Cecil Beaton, versatile writer, designer, photographer—is a small architectural jewel of the Charles II. period. It has a lovely stone and brick façade dating from 1662, smothered in roses, flowering creepers, and a beautifully-kept topiary-work garden, of which he is very proud. The drawing-room, a Victorian addition to the house, is decorated in the Louis XVI. manner. There is a pretty library and a hall-dining-room, with grey marble columns. Mr. Beaton spends as much time as he possibly can in this country house. At present he is busy repolishing his play *The Gainsborough Girls* before its eventual New York trip. Among his most recent work was the redecoration of the ballet *Casse Noisette* for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, now on its Transatlantic tour.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by J. Allan Cash.

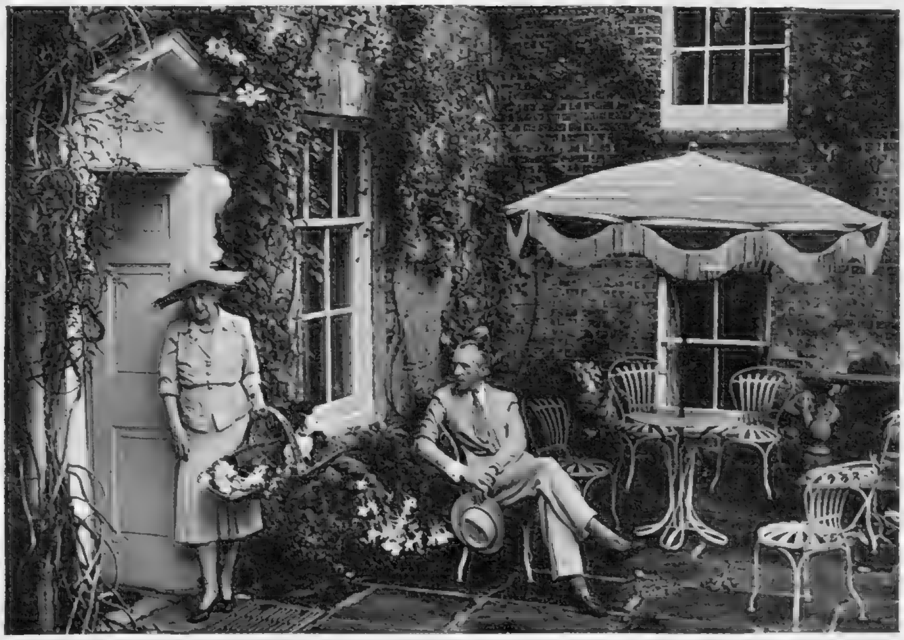
(*Above.*)
In the drawing-room of mulberry, gold and grey, Mr. Beaton and his mother. The wallpaper is of mulberry plush; the curtains, which he designed, are in gold and mulberry; and the paintwork is French grey and gold.

(*Above.*)
The garden entrance to the drawing-room is Palladian with its fluted pilasters and columns. Roses cover the façade. To the left is seen some of the fine topiary work, and, barely visible, part of the two cottages in which live the gardener and the housekeeper.

(*Right.*)
Here is another part of the combined entrance hall-dining-room, designed by Felix Harbord, who introduced the grey marble pillars. In general the colour effect is French grey, with deep red carpets.

(*Left.*)
With Susan, his Australian terrier.

For Mr. Beaton's bedroom the wallpaper design—in a clear pattern of dark brown and white—has been copied exactly on the hangings and curtains.



On the terrace Mrs. Beaton holds a basket of roses. Up the wall by the side of the door grows clematis. A drift of tobacco-plant is beside Mr. Beaton, who is sitting on one of a set of elegant, palely-painted iron garden chairs.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A KING'S STORY: The Memoirs of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor. (*Cassell*; 25s.)

A BREEZE OF MORNING. By Charles Morgan. (*Macmillan*; 10s. 6d.)

ANOTHER KIND. By Anthony West. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode*; 12s. 6d.)

THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER: A Selection of His Letters, 1860-67. Edited by Daphne du Maurier. (*Peter Davies*; 18s.)

THE OXFORD ATLAS. (*Oxford University Press*; 30s.)

"THE rule of reticence that binds Kings and Princes in a constitutional society is not lightly put aside." These are the opening words of the author's note to *A King's Story: The Memoirs of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor*. There will be many who feel, even after reading this admirably detached and trustworthy book, that the rule should never be broken, even when the inducement to tell the truth and shame the devil is so strong. There will be others who remember the passionate emotions of the people fifteen years ago, the general belief that although the Abdication might be a necessity, yet fair play had been outraged somewhere, the disgust and misgiving with which Dr. Cosmo Lang's unfortunate broadcast was heard on the night after the Duke of Windsor had left the country. These will welcome this long, unflinching account of a life and reign, written without rancour or polemics and revealing aspects of a tragedy which until now have been only guessed at. There is much interest, too, in the first twelve chapters of the book, which describe the upbringing of the future King, his visits to Queen Victoria, his indulgent grandfather and his beloved, conscientious father, his time at the Naval College at Osborne, his life as an undergraduate and as an officer in the First World War, his travels both official and private, his brief reign before the dilemma of his life faced him. It is a book which everyone will read, of course, and read without the discomfort that comes from feeling that the writer is guilty of indiscretion. A proud and worthy book.

MR. CHARLES MORGAN'S new novel is written with tenderness and delicacy, a love-affair seen through the eyes of a rather precocious boy of fourteen and recalled by him many years later. It has all the characteristics of this author's work, the deft evocative touches, the shapely much-considered sentences, the wistful feminine portraiture, the air of acute perception and the fundamental hollowness and unreality. Dave Harbrook is working for a scholarship to Eton and falls in with an eccentric Squire whose Latin has remained polished, but whose fortune has been dissipated by his wife. Dave meets his daughter, the very young *femme fatale* of the piece, Rose Letterby. So does Dave's cousin, the poor but ambitious young lawyer, Howard Treladdin, who falls in love with her. The story tells how in the end Rose marries her cousin, the son of a rich peer, who holds a mortgage on the manor, and so saves the estate and her unworldly father from bankruptcy. Howard returns from his enchantment to a less spectacular woman, Dave's elder sister Ann, who by contrast is "a good sort," and Dave gets his scholarship. Even Mr. Morgan's distinguished manner cannot save this old-fashioned *Little Lord Fauntleroy* plot from its implicit banality.

I MISSED Mr. Anthony West's first novel, which roused several critics to eulogy and rosy predictions, but I find his second a particularly unpromising book, because its very theme is forced and awkward, as though it had been reluctantly used for want of a more spontaneous one, instead of having been selected with difficulty from among the dazzling collection of ideas for books which is the prerogative of the young writer. It starts conventionally with a youngish architect leaving the wife whom he had married for money and deserting his two children to follow his mooncalf love of a quite incredible London prostitute. They find a disused mill for sale in Oxfordshire and, while they are both raising the money to buy it, civil war breaks out. The rest of the novel is chaos, as though Mr. West were a juggler who, trying to keep too many balls in the air, finds himself on all fours chasing them about the stage. He never recovers his control of his own characters or ideas, and all he can think to do with the volatile Walter Jackson and his wife, and indeed with most of the other characters, is to kill them off in the general bloodshed which rages inexplicably up and down England. The whole thing is painfully immature and pointless. Perhaps there is some obscure symbolism which I have missed; if so, it seems to have had a very de-humanising effect on the characters.

A BOOK for which a term once applied only to cooks is fitting, *The Young George du Maurier*—is indeed a Treasure. To find that in the family heritage of the remarkable du Mauriers is a collection of unpublished letters which runs to 270 large pages and covers only seven years in the life of that flamboyantly gay and lovable man, George du Maurier, is also—to use another old term—a Great Surprise. He returned from Paris in 1860, when he was twenty-six years old, shared a studio in Newman Street with his friend Whistler and laid siege to artistic London. He wrote prolifically to his mother, to his fiancée and to his friend Thomas Armstrong, illustrating the text with drawings very often, voicing his ambitions, describing with amiable bombast his early successes and speaking with frank affection of his relatives and friends. He can be funny without malice and despondent without self-pity, and he emerges from it all as a good man whose very faults were of a kind to endear him to modern readers. No account is given in Miss Daphne du Maurier's introduction of how these letters have been preserved or collected, and one wonders if this collection may be followed by others which will cover the remaining thirty years of his life.

THE appearance of a new Atlas which has been compiled without dependence on any existing one is to be welcomed. Certain inaccuracies have been noted in it by specialist critics which would almost certainly have escaped the ordinary student, but many more would probably be found by the same critics if they examined a re-issue of one of the classic atlases, and these do not greatly detract from its value. As a layman, I find it difficult to understand from it the many political issues which the cartographer has to face. But perhaps this is because we were taught geography from an atlas in which good strong colourings were used to show political frontiers. Spellings have been modernised at last so that one no longer finds such ancient misnomers as "Antanarivo" and "Chili." A great deal of scholarship and enterprise has gone to the making of an atlas which, on the whole, does credit to its editors and the Oxford University Press. It must have been an act of faith and devotion.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT.
By Peter Duncan. (*Werner Laurie*; 10s. 6d.)

The producer, for the last four years, of the famous B.B.C. Saturday-night feature recalls many of the men and women, eminent, athletic, artistic or bizarre, for whom "the roar of London's traffic" has been stopped. He has had a great deal of entertainment from them and manages to pass it on.

MORE FROM METHUSELAH.
By Horace Annesley Vachell. (*Hutchinson*; 16s.)

Extracts from the sprightly and tangential diary of the nonagenarian novelist.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.
By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz*; 10s. 6d.)

The writer-detective in form.

THE DISENCHANTED.
By Budd Schulberg. (*Bodley Head*; 12s. 6d.)

Success and failure story, highly sentimentalised and supposed to be founded on the life of Scott Fitzgerald.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to "THE SKETCH" provides an ideal gift.

Each fortnight as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for "THE SKETCH" to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-8, Strand, London, W.C.2, including the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription (to include the Christmas Number): Canada £2 19s.; Elsewhere abroad, £3.

With swinging kilt Mr. John Stewart-Clark whirled round Miss Patricia Bowes-Lyon.

Lord Forteviot's daughter, the Hon. Caroline Dewar, danced with Mr. Robert Gordon.

The First Perth Hunt Ball

Before the Perth Hunt 'chases, the members held the first of their two Hunt Balls on September 25 at the County Buildings, Perth. Women were elegant, men *chic* in their Scottish dress, as they danced reels, strathspeys, to an excellent band, on a first-class floor. The band packed up at 6 a.m., and it was not so very long before the dancers flocked to the Perth Hunt steeplechase meeting, and next night on again to the second Perth Hunt Ball—a miracle of stamina. Pictures of both events follow on.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Sitting out with Mr. Charles MacTaggart (left) were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lindsay.

(Continued overleaf.)

Enjoying a joke in a quiet corner were, l. to r.: Major D. MacGregor, Lord Forteviot, the preses (Anglice, President) of the Ball, Mr. R. A. Walter and Lord Mansfield.

Looking on at the reel-dancing were Mr. David Liddell-Grainger and the Hon. Lady Fox.

First Perth Hunt Ball

(Continued.)

Young quartet, l. to r.: Mr. David Faulkner, the Hon. Caroline Dewar, a deb. of the year, Lord Emlyn, and Miss Isla Rivett-Carnac.

A tartan background for, l. to r.: Mr. R. H. Wallace, Miss Zara Thesiger, Dr. Barbara Hastings, Miss Nina Thesiger, Mr. Ronald Stokes, Mr. P. Patten.

Exhilarated by his dancing, Mr. John Stewart-Clark chatted with Lady Mansfield.

Gay couple sitting out were Miss Barbara Houison Craufurd and Mr. Robert Gordon.

Flowers made the décor for the Hon. June Barrie, daughter of the late Lord Abertay, and Mr. Alex Renny-Taylor.

A refresher during an interval was taken by Mr. Gervase Yates and Miss Mary Elizabeth Walter.

In the handsomely tartan-decorated lounge of the County Buildings, l. to r. : Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grey Wilson, Miss Anne Alexander and Mr. F. C. de Gale sat and chatted.

A conversation-piece by Major David Rose, The Black Watch, Lady Jean Rose and Captain Earl Nicol.

Parisienne Mlle. Marianne Streijffert had two escorts : left, Mr. Logan Parker, and right, Lord Graham, son of the Duke of Montrose.

This general view of the course shows the members' stand on right. Spectators watched horses taking a hurdle in one of the races.

The Countess of Erroll with her husband, Captain Iain Moncreiffe, centre, and Mr. Blair Stewart Wilson.

Perth Hunt Races

Sandwiched between the two Perth Hunt Balls, the two-day Perth Hunt 'chases under N.H. Rules were held in brilliant sunshine over a course of old grass lands in Lord Mansfield's Scone Palace park. Himself was a steward of the meeting, with Colonel T. C. Dunlop, Major A. C. Marshall, and Colonel Lord Joicey. The handicapper was Mr. J. H. Meredith; the starter, Captain G. R. Chandos-Pole, and the judge, Major C. G. Seymour. Hunt members were present in force. The race-card bore a cogent notice: "Patrons, please note. Nearly half the amount you have paid to enter this enclosure has to be handed over to the Government for Entertainment Tax. We cannot make racing cheaper until this tax is reduced."

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Lady Mansfield, whose son, Lord Stormont, has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, was with the Hon. Lady Fox.

Mr. Iain Murray walked along to the course in company with Miss Jeryl Gurdon and Miss Mary Moore.

Brother and sister, Sir David and Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe, jested over the race-card.

Discussing the racing with Sir Michael Nairn were, l. to r.: the Misses Sally Gilroy and Margaret Walker.

Lord Carnegie, Lord Southesk's son, and heir-presumptive to the dukedom of Fife, was with Miss Norina Stewart-Clark.

Neatly check-suited Miss Barbara Houison Craufurd strolled from paddock to enclosure with Mr. Robert Gordon.

Mrs. A. C. Straker's *Elseena*, N. Crump up, was led in by Miss Straker after winning the Perthshire Challenge Cup.

Winner of the McKie Memorial Challenge Cup with *Leighdale*, J. Calvert up, Mr. Johnson filled his trophy with champagne, watched by Lady Forteviot.

Lady Jean Rose and Major David Rose—members of one of Scotland's oldest clans—scanned race-course and race-card.

Lord Forteviot, President of the Perth Hunt Ball, with Lady Forteviot and their débutante daughter, the Hon. Caroline Dewar, showed no signs of fatigue on the night of the second Perth Hunt Ball.

Mrs. Eric Penn wore a charming tiara with her heavy satin gown. She was sitting out with Captain Iain Tennent.

The Second Perth Hunt Ball

The second Perth Hunt Ball, on September 27, in Perth's County Buildings, was as brilliant as the first. Hunting pink struck a note among the tartans, women's dresses, and the black and white of many men. Harry Ogilvie's band from Dundee played, among the reels, strathspeys, *The Perth Melody*, "signature tune" of the Perth Hunt Ball. Among those who wore diamond tiaras were Lady Forteviot, wife of the preses, and Lady Mansfield, whose exquisite tiara had five points in the shape of the Murray (family name) star. This tradition was carried out too by Lord Mansfield, deputy preses, the buttons on whose velvet evening jacket were also star-shaped. The finish came at 7 a.m. A braw breed, the Scots !

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Here is a close-up of dancers, taken in the hall, with their clan tartan sashes and a'.

Mrs. Finlay and Mr. G. A. Buchanan discussed the day's racing.

The Countess of Erroll, Scotland's Hereditary Lord High Constable and the Duke of Atholl led a strathspey.

Also at the ball were: Capt. Tom Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dixon, Miss Joy Sanderson, Mr. Gavin Ogilvie

A dramatic group, l. to r.: Mrs. Heriot-Maitland, Mrs. Gomme Duncan, talking to Capt. Heriot-Maitland, and Col. Gomme Duncan, M.P. for Perth.

Three attractive dancers at the second of the two Perth Hunt Balls, l. to r.: Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, daughter of Lord Haddington, Miss Mary Moore and Miss Patricia Bowes-Lyon.

Another group, l. to r.: Captain Gregor MacGregor, Younger of MacGregor, the Hon. Caroline Dewar, Miss Petronella Elliott, Lord Stormont and Major Stewart-Stephens.

L. to r.: Brig. R. F. Beecher, Miss Ann and Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Campbell Preston, Mrs. Stewart-Stephens, Col. Campbell Preston.

The ninth Duke of Atholl, right, watched Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe dancing with her brother, Sir David Moncreiffe

The *Loch Ness Monster* included some amusing—and, we trust, historically accurate—reflections on the integrity of the Press. When the monster did not appear to schedule, journalists created their own sea beast and used a rhinoceros hoof to make footprints on the shore.

The disagreeable expressions of the players in this scene set the mood for Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*. Eileen Herlie, as Regina, made her television début in this production. Here, with her, are Billy Thatcher (standing) and George Coulouris.

Two married couples in Hermann Bahr's comedy, *The Concert*, who don't know whether to interchange partners or to stay put. L. to r.: Peter Jones, Elizabeth Allan, Walter Rilla and Barbara Murray. Viewers' susceptibilities were safe. All was conducted with great propriety.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WHILE looking around for a suitable holiday task to accompany us on our presumably well-deserved vacation, we came across a small book, published by G. T. Foulis and Co., Ltd., at the price of 6s. It is called *Trouble-free Television*, by A. C. Armstrong, and we found it most interesting and instructive reading. It is aimed at the viewer who is anxious to get the best possible results out of his television set; at the reader who, while possessing average intelligence, has not the time or inclination to delve into the complicated business of electronics to achieve these. It is designed for a public to whom, as Professor A. M. Low, in his Introduction, puts it: " . . . television is not a mixture of condensers, transformers and wave-lengths, but a service, like hot water and gas."

After preliminary generalisations, Mr. Armstrong launches into a very comprehensive lecture on the difficult problem of purchasing a *televisor*, where to site it in the house, what precautions to take, and what pitfalls to avoid in buying and installation. He makes the point—already mentioned on this page—that the most expensive set need not necessarily be the best for individual needs, and that even the more modestly-priced instruments give excellent results these days.

He then continues with a most useful " Buyer's Guide," in which he gives brief specifications and illustrations of a representative range of models available to the public. After this there follow discussions on the important subjects of aerials and how to manipulate the controls of a television set to the best advantage. The book ends with a brief summary of the B.B.C. programme service and a description—as untechnical as it is possible to be—of how television works. We honestly recommend this little book. It is well worth the modest cost to any reader who may be a newcomer to our growing brotherhood, or one who is anxious to get the full efficiency and enjoyment out of his set.

On our return to these rain-girt islands we ran slap into one of the best outside broadcasts of the year: the attendance of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at the première of the film *The Lady with a Lamp*. There was never a false or waiting moment, and the excitement of the occasion mounted steadily to the climax of the Royal arrival. Her Royal Highness has nothing to fear from television. She has never looked more lovely, serene and poised.

A great deal of hullabaloo attended Eileen Herlie's début in a television part. The occasion was Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, a rather nasty play about a nasty Southern America family, who are prepared to double-cross, rob and even commit moral murder among themselves for money. As Regina, the worst of the lot, Miss Herlie loaded her considerable guns and let fly in all directions. It was a *bravura* performance, but in our opinion she has yet to learn something of television acting. She should avoid the use of a volume of voice more suited to the theatre than to the sensitive studio microphone, and she should convince herself that this medium reacts strongly to an inner conviction of the acted rôle and immediately shows up a reliance of mere technique, however accomplished it may be. Of the other performances, only those of Jean Forbes-Robertson and Hugh Williams moved us with sincerity. For our boredom with the rest, we cannot absolve from blame the clumsy handling of producer Stanley Haynes of this difficult play.

In *The Concert*, Ally Pally was found in a naughty mood. Hermann Bahr's comedy is all about philandering husbands and wives, and unless given the lightest touch could be most unpleasant. However, all was well; Stephen Harrison produced it with gossamer delicacy, and the four main characters were brilliantly played with exquisite taste by Elizabeth Allan, Walter Rilla, Barbara Murray and Peter Jones. The excellent English version was by Peter Jones.

We found *The Loch Ness Monster*, an Inquiry, in Law Court setting, by Duncan Ross (produced by Campbell Logan), a vastly diverting ninety-minutes mixture of fact, fiction and reconstruction. That it left no one wiser at the end than at the beginning of the monster's existence, did not seem to matter.

Turn It Up, the Jewel and Warris show from the People's Palace, was a triumph for the supporting cast and Michael Mills' slick production.

Our Portfolio of Autumn Fashions

by Ann Murray

Hardy Amies

LONDON COUTURE

Your next new coat, whether loose and straight, tight-waisted, belted or cape-shaped, will be wide at the hem-line. Above, from Hardy Amies' Autumn and Winter Collection comes "Morning Departure," a belted, double-breasted overcoat in beige camelhair, featuring a dropped shoulder-line, full-swinging skirt and huge pockets accentuating the hips. To keep out the cold wind, the hood is nutria lined and the cuffs have adjustable straps.

Pyramid shapes ; smooth, more sloping shoulders ; collars high or shawl-like ; sleeves luxuriously full and deep set ; pockets slit, or enormous and patched, are the main features in the new season's furs. The Autumn Collections show styles for every conceivable occasion and for every type of figure—full-length, three-quarter-length, and jacket-length.

(*Right.*) *Finest Blue Ocelot*—for town or country—seven-eighths-length swagger, with wide elbow sleeves tied at wrists.

Deanfield Furs

(*Below.*) *Phantom Beaver*—full-length coat falling into an elegant three-fold back swing. The wide sleeves are finished with a turned-back double cuff.

Brenner Furs

Continuing Our Portfolio of Autumn Fashions

(*Right.*) *Lucca Lamb*—dyed to a stone-marten shade. This finger-tip-length jacket seems more costly than it really is. A utility model, beautifully styled with a flared back, voluminous cape sleeves, and a high snug collar.

Tescan Furs

Kolinsky—mink dyed cape stole. . *Percy Vickery*

FURS OF THE MOMENT

National Fur Co.

Black Persian Lamb—one of the most elegant furs for town wear—with the new ultra "bell" sleeve, and shoulder-wide collar.

Bradley

Pearl Platina Fox—a luxurious, full-length coat, pyramid line. The strands running down from neckline form scallops at hem. Exceptionally sleek shoulder with deep full skin cuff.

Continuing
Our Portfolio of
Autumn Fashions

TWEEDS GO EVERYWHERE

Matita

. . . town, travel or country wear, well-cut, good-looking tweeds are almost everlasting and as indispensable as the little black wool number of old. Here are two distinctive examples.

The lady above travels in a Scotch boucle tweed topcoat in mushroom, pale blue and green overcheck (about 30 guineas), over a well-fitting suit in a matching material of lighter weight (about 30 guineas). Both *Matita* models. From Druce of Baker Street ; Hazelle of Edinburgh.

Tuned to city life (*left*), a classic tailored suit in muted tones of pink and grey bird's-eye saxony. Approximately £10. A *Rensor* model.

THE STOUT SHOE KEEPS COMPANY WITH TWEED

(*Right.*) "Clutterclub" for country walking, by *Joyce*. In boxglove leather with crêpe sole. Black, chocolate, navy, red, green and golden tan. 69s. 11d.

Joyce

Clark's

(*Left.*) "Country Club"—*Clark's* welted brogue court in supple calf. Brown, blue, red and black. About 69s. 6d.

(*Right.*) "Stratford"—a "K" model with notched welt which is so popular among the style-conscious French for sportswear. About 85s.

'K'

(*Left.*) "Tevdale"—*Raynes'* town tie shoe in tan calf. Also navy and black. 8½ guineas.

Our Portfolio of Autumn Fashions

JERSEY IS THE NEWS

The Paris and London Collections put jersey well to the fore in the fashion picture this season. Because of its softness, elasticity and draping qualities, jersey tailors well, hangs beautifully and, as well as being the most crease-resistant fabric, is high-fashion.

(*Left.*) *Jaeger* jersey suit with slightly flared skirt. The cardigan-style jacket is gathered gently at waist back and front. £7 17s. 6d. The pull-on jersey hat, also Jaeger, is made to match exactly with dresses and suits. 49s. 6d.

(*Bottom.*) Fly-fronted, button-through wool jersey dress with deep ribbed cuffs, waist and neckline; two horizontal pockets immediately below ribbing at waist. £6 19s. 6d. (Both models are obtainable at any of the Jaeger branches.)

(*Centre.*) *Wolsey* jumper suit with three-quarter sleeves. Pin-tucking on bodice and basque; group knife pleats in skirt. From Dickins & Jones. Approximately £7 18s. 6d.

(*Bottom right.*) Jersey dress with unpressed pleats in skirt. Attractively embroidered on collar and pockets with silk braid. From Dickins & Jones. Approximately £8 5s. 6d. *Wolsey.*

The dresses and suits sketched here are made in many lovely colours and several sizes.

Jaeger

Jaeger

Wolsey

Wolsey

SHAPES AND SIZES

Warner

Berlei

Youthline

Gossard

Fashion insists upon a basic line that is slim at the waist, smooth at the midriff, and a flawless follow-through if clothes are to wear well and look elegant. Foundation garments have never been better. New sizing methods now make it possible to buy belts and corselettes in *shapes* as well as *sizes*, and sketched here are several chosen from one or two of London's leading foundation garment houses, specialising in fitting as well as styling.

(*Top, left.*) Pantie girdle with lastex sides and back and satin lastex down-stretching front panels. Comfortable fitting leg width. 69s. 8d. Delicate, bias-cut bra in broderie anglais. 21s. Both *Warner*.

(*Top, centre.*) 'Donel' American roll-control high-waisted girdle with zip. In satin lastex and nylon lastex net. £5 18s. 4d. *Berlei*.

(*Top, right.*) Featherlight girdle in nylon and American leno, for average figure. £3 9s. 10d. Strapless bra in satin with elastic batiste at back, 26s. 5d. Both by *Youthline*.

(*Bottom, left.*) The all-in-one, for youthful figures, in lastex net and satin, with down-stretching back under side-stretching yoke. Bra section in lace is satin-lined. 85s. 7d. *Gossard*.

These garments are on sale in all the leading stores.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

THREE rousing cheers for José Ferrer! What an exciting and superb performance this American stage actor of Spanish parentage brings to the leading rôle of the screen's long-awaited *Cyrano de Bergerac*! Anybody who cares a jot about acting should make a bee-line to the Carlton for the privilege of watching him. Even those of us who have seen some of the greatest Cyranos of our time in the theatre, notably Robert Loraine and Sir Ralph Richardson, will find in the punctilio and dash of this screen performance something to remember.

The film that goes with Mr. Ferrer isn't quite as good as Mr. Ferrer, but it is good enough to entertain and move most people hugely. The Roxane is insipid, but nobody can claim there is anything insipid about the fencing. Some of the best speeches from the Rostand original have been cut, but much of what is left has the rudiments of grandeur. There is a beneficial bustle about the scene, that has never been so satisfactorily caught behind the footlights. The director neither underdoes nor overdoes his action. Mr. Ferrer's death-scene, in the mellow evening, with the autumn leaves falling, should wring more gentle tears from the audience than any film since *Mrs. Miniver*. And the nimble acrobatics, the cut-and-parry of the earlier sequences, are the best fun in their kind to watch since Fairbanks Senior enjoyed his heyday on the screen.

Anna Neagle, that indefatigable specialist in the film studies of great women, adds another portrait to her gallery in *The Lady With a Lamp*. After Nell Gwynn, Peg Woffington, Queen Victoria, Nurse Cavell, Amy Johnson and Odette, she gives us Florence Nightingale, in a film based on Reginald Berkeley's old play, with a new script by Warren Chetham Strode, who did the screenplay of *Odette*.

To my surprise, I find myself almost alone amongst critics in positively liking this piece. It has its faults, of course. It is episodic rather than dramatic, and tries to take in far more material than it can conveniently handle. The writing is nowhere near as noble as the text of Mrs. Cecil Woodham Smith's *Florence Nightingale*, which is likely to remain for a very long time, I suppose, *the* classic biography. It includes some sadly mistaken shots—as, for instance, the perfunctory glimpse of the Charge of the Light Brigade, a manœuvre executed, so far as I could see, without a single serious casualty. It is over-considerate in guarding the audience from the sight and sound of the things that might pain them. Miss Nightingale's experiences in the Crimea, for example, must have been sordid and repellent to a degree beyond the endurance of most Victorian gentlewomen, and the latter part of her life was unquestionably spent in an uphill fight against such ugly facts as sepsis, bugs and bad sanitation; but the film hints at all these things with a delicacy that is itself more Victorian than Georgian.

All the same, I refuse to be convinced by the grim people who tell me that *The Lady With a Lamp* is sentimental. Within its own limits, it seems to me an extremely honest film, and Miss Neagle's performance, far from being sentimental, strikes me as being very properly stubborn and pugnacious. It is true that Florence Nightingale is not shown here as a ruthless martinet, nor as an official without any human weaknesses. The real Miss Nightingale may have kept her kindliness more deeply hidden, but that she *had* a natural fund of emotion, and gentleness, and even gaiety, has never been disputed. Miss Neagle shows us, perhaps, the struggle to conceal these things, rather than the achievement of that purpose. She may seem over-feminine at moments, but few people who look carefully at her eyes and the dogged set of her jaw, would care to oppose her on a capital issue.

There has been a good deal of criticism, too, of Michael Wilding's performance as Sidney Herbert, the statesman who supported Florence Nightingale through all her early ordeals. Here I suggest that the criticism may be unfair; based, not on what Mr. Wilding actually does in *The Lady With a Lamp*, but on the critic's memory of what he has done in earlier pictures. Mr. Wilding's easy touch with comedy has led him to be associated almost inevitably with such light-hearted trifles as *Spring in Park Lane*, but from the accounts that have been handed down to us of the real Sidney Herbert, this portrait of an eager young politician who died very early in his career, does not seem to be at all inadmissible. I would go so far as to say that if exactly the same performance had been given by an unknown actor, there would hardly have been a voice raised in protest, and quite a number of people, in fact, might have hailed the chap as an acting discovery.

One of the happiest touches of the picture, to my mind, is the choice of Maureen Pryor to play the over-ardent, pathetic little nurse whose revolt against what seemed to her inhuman discipline resulted in her expulsion from the service. Miss Pryor did this same part on television about a year ago, in a beautiful play called *The Passionate Pilgrim*. To anyone who saw her then, a different casting now would seem insupportable. All honour to director Herbert Wilcox for having borrowed an actress from a rival medium and given her a chance to shine.

I wonder what in the world gave the distributors of Duvivier's *Au Royaume des Cieux* the idea that the film is "the story of a great Love in a New Setting"? I ask you, Mr. Jones, and you, Mrs. Smith, and you, Mrs. Winterbottom—could you really lay your hand on your heart and swear that you've never seen a film about a girls' reform school before?

It is, perhaps, unusual to find the reform school located in the middle of a flooded winter countryside, a circumstance that makes it possible for the greatly loved to escape in the end with her great lover. But apart from this, the situation is only too familiar, with the sadistic superintendent, the sympathetic second-in-command, the innocent girl who gets into the institution by mistake, the hardboiled inmates who take her to their hearts, the brutal punishments and the eventual mutiny.

I don't deny that *Au Royaume des Cieux* is very well acted—by Suzy Prim as the superintendent, Suzanne Cloutier as the wide-eyed innocent, Christiane Lenier as the toughest of the toughs, and a number of other sharp little actresses whose names are not given in the cast-list. A lot of these girls are bound to be seen again, and one of them, a mischievous soubrette type who plays a wench named Marget, is quite outstanding.

Nor do I deny that Duvivier's handling of his material is often most impressive. There is one dreadful scene in particular, in which the inmates are marched round the body of one of their number who has committed suicide by drowning, which for sheer haunting horror can only be matched by the Marseilles sequence in Duvivier's *Un Carnet de Bal*.

Nevertheless, I think we are entitled to expect a better film than this from one of the greatest directors on the French screen. The whole story comes too pat; the characters are drawn too much from stock; the sentiment is laid on too thick, and—although we can't blame Julien Duvivier for this—the English sub-titles are really rather awful.

And, talking of sub-titles, I have often wondered whether it wouldn't be possible, say once a week during the run of a French film, to show a copy without any subtitling at all? There must be many people in London who would appreciate the chance of seeing a Continental picture occasionally without the distraction of words popping up across the lower half of the screen. And don't let anyone suggest that dubbing the dialogue into English is the proper solution, because it is nothing of the kind. Dubbing is an even viler device than sub-titling, and as the director Jean Renoir once justly observed, people who are guilty of it, had they lived in a reasonable period like the Middle Ages, would undoubtedly have been burnt in the public square, for giving one person's voice to another person's body; a thing that strongly resembles the crime of sorcery to a high degree.

MRS. PUTTS By PETER ENDER

Engagements

Lady Anne Louise Mary Keppel, nineteen-year-old daughter of Earl and Countess of Albemarle, Beacon Hill, Woodbridge, Suffolk, has announced her engagement. Her fiancé, the Hon. David Lawrence Robert Nall-Cain, is the younger son of Lord and Lady Brocket. He is studying agriculture at Cambridge, and plans to work on his father's estate.

The Prime Minister's youngest daughter, Miss Alison Elizabeth Attlee, is engaged to Mr. Richard Lionel Lance Davis, son of Major and Mrs. A. O. C. Davis, of Carlisle Mansions, Westminster. He is a representative of a London paper-making business and a Captain in the Honourable Artillery Company. Alison came of age in April. Her brother Martin, also in the H.A.C., introduced the pair at a party last Christmas.

Diana Mary, niece of Lord Byron, and only daughter of Mr. Leo Forbes O'Connor, of Perth, Australia, and Mrs. Leo Forbes O'Connor, of 7, Courtfield Road, S.W.7, is engaged to Mr. John Poland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Poland, Downlands, Liphook, Hants. Her fiancé is with Lloyds, and they plan to marry in April at Brompton Oratory.

Ski-champion Miss Sheena Mackintosh, niece of the Duke of Hamilton, and daughter of Charles E. W. Mackintosh, Oxford Blue and Scottish rugby international, and Lady Jean Zinovieff, of Rusper, Sussex, plans to be married after next year's Olympic Games. Bridegroom will be Mr. Ruaraidh (pronounced Rury) Edward Macleod Robertson Hilleary, from Bernisdale, in the Isle of Skye. Sheena has been invited to join the 1952 Olympic ski-ing squad, and will soon start training in Switzerland.

Miss Margaret Annette de Trafford, eldest daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. H. E. F. de Trafford, of Villa Bologna, Malta, and granddaughter of the late Lord Strickland, is engaged to Lieut. William John Macnamara Faulkner, R.N., eldest son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. W. Faulkner, of Hassendeanburn, Hawick

TALES WITH A STING

THE RE-WRITE MAN

By Peter Niven

SARGASSO is a small, frisky township—a mere whistle-stop—in remoter Nevada : assuredly the last place Julian Pepper's Notting Hill pub friends would have expected to seek him. For he had departed not so long ago in a blaze of purple glory for Hollywood. Peerless Pictures Inc. had purchased the film rights of his novel *Daffodils and Dowagers.* The sum paid had been trifling by Hollywood standards, but Julian's agent had been so overcome at receiving an offer at all that all haggle had petrified within him.

Julian, slender and lank of hair, might have saved himself a deal of time and bother had he but known at the time that Ephraim Towers (*ne* Belch) had merely indulged one of his spasmodic cultural moods. A club acquaintance had mentioned the book casually : " English friend of mine sent it to me . . . vaguely highbrow . . . couple of hot bits . . . appallingly obscure." Ephraim, who was always toying with the idea of making a " prestige " picture, had ordered the rights bought. His scenario team, inured to the Great Man's vagaries, had shrugged and shelved *Daffodils and Dowagers* with the others.

The book had not sold. It had, however, enjoyed a mild *succes d'estime* among some of the more precious reviews on the strength of two nervously-pornographic chapters. One had even called it a masterpiece. Julian had contented himself by considering it a great novel. But the financial returns had been meagre ; except for the film rights. And previous commitments had swallowed nearly all of that.

The next move, Julian assured himself, would be an urgent summons to Hollywood to supervise the filming of his book. The vicarious spending of the money he would receive for that kept him pleasurably occupied for a long time : and encouraged him in the spending of the balance left from the film rights. But it must be recorded that Julian had a higher aim than mere money in his desire to go to the film capital. He had heard a lot about the scenario mangle. They *did* things to good books. (The others didn't matter.) He would see to it that they did not produce a travesty of *Daffodils and Dowagers.* The book would be filmed " whole " : its integrity undissipated.

Weeks of pub-treating spun out to months and Hollywood had not summoned him. Tired of waiting, convinced, indeed, of perverse maladroitness on the part of the Postmaster-General, Julian one day upped his suitcase and left for America. Those of his friends for whom he had bought the most drinks clustered round his carriage to see him off.

" Hurry up and come back—with lots and lots of lovely dollars ! "

Julian smiled. He had an idea that once Hollywood had seen how he went to work on a screen adaptation of a first-class book they would be very reluctant to let him go. It might be years before he got back. But he had not the heart to tell his friends that. As the train pulled out they chorused : " California, here I come ! "

It was not till he tried to see Ephraim Towers that he realised that Russia is but an amateur of the Iron Curtain technique. It was incredible, but no one had ever heard of him, or of *Daffodils and Dowagers.* The only thing he could be sure of was that they hadn't made the picture behind his back. So he was still in time to save it from the mangle. If only he could get at Towers. . . . For a long time he stayed in Hollywood, living in a shoddy walk-up, no cooking allowed. He dribbled away his slender cash on an astonishing variety of " contacts." He was the best break the fraternity had had in months.

But from one of them he gleaned that Ephraim had gone for the week-end to Sargasso, his boyhood home. Apparently he often skipped out there " to get away from it all." This was just what he wanted : Ephraim by his own fireside, away from the studio watchdogs. He spent his penultimate dollars on the fare to Sargasso. He would go to Ephraim's early homestead, announce himself—and his troubles would be over. It was just a matter of *seeing* the man. He *had* to, or he would speedily be destitute.

With a windy gust of determination he stepped off from the train on to the track : Sargasso boasted no platform. He learned that, yes, Ephraim had visited : but that was last week-end. Julian had not the return fare to Hollywood. Between him and the purple sage stood precisely four dollars and fifteen cents.

He turned into a saloon whose interior was surely plagiarised from an early Western and ordered a rye—it was cheaper than Scotch. He sipped at it morosely, one foot shifting about on the brass rail. He tried not to think. He found his eyes reading a crude, blatant, playbill announcing that for this night only Jaspar Condor was presenting *King Lear.*

A tall, thin, stooping figure with a blue chin and bristling brows came over to him. His voice was resonant and rolling. " I 'll save you the trouble, friend, of seeking me out. I am Jaspar Condor and I 'm hiring no more actors. . . . Fact, if business doesn't perk up I 'll be laying off a couple. . . ."

Julian turned a slow, icy stare upon Condor. He lifted his elbows from the bar counter and raised himself slimly erect. " I am not an actor : not even an out-of-work actor. I am a writer."

Jaspar was unimpressed. " Better have a drink, anyways." Julian murmured unwilling acceptance. " How come a writer in this stick town ? What kind of a writer are you, anyways ? "

" I am—er—what is known as a serious writer."

" Thought you looked kinda broke. . . ."

" By your own remarks," Julian retorted, " you aren't doing so well yourself ! Not that I 'm surprised. I can't see people in places like this paying to see Shakespeare ! "

Jaspar stared at him from his rolling dark eyes, shook his head. " You 're right and you 're wrong, friend. They like the *idea* of Shakespeare. Believe me, they 're all for culture in the sticks. Yes, they like the *idea* of going to see Shakes. But they find him a bit tough. He 's too long-winded and hard to cut." He ordered another round of drinks.

" The big thing about Shakespeare is his name—and no royalties, of course. But we 'd get bigger gates if he were more down to earth. And all this high-flown lingo ! " He snorted into his glass. " Scares people—bores them. What 's your name ? "

Julian told him. " Pepper, eh ? That 's what we need. Shakespeare pepped up a bit. Ha, ha, ha ! I like that ! Say . . ."—he shot a wary glance at Julian—" maybe you *would* fit, at that . . . ? Not that there 'll be much money in it, not right away, leastways. But there 'd be a living in it. . . ."

Julian raised his head sharply. Anything that promised a little money right now was capable of pin-pointing his whole awareness. " Spill it ! " he commanded ; with, he believed, the right blend of aggressiveness and intonation.

Jaspar, a natural in appearance for Cassius, mounted his hobby horse ponderously. " This Shakespeare, now. . . . He could write all right. . . . And he knew what to give the masses—of his own day. And he dished it up to them in the lingo of that day. . . . See what I 'm getting at ? He wrote English as she was spoken *then.* He didn't dress up his stuff in the lingo of—what 's-his-name ? Pilgrims, and all that ? "

" Chaucer ? "

" Right, that 's him. No, Shakes didn't act like a drip. He handed it out so that the paying customers of his time could understand it. But what do we do ? We dish him up neat—in what is an obsolete language. If the Bard were to come back to-day, the first thing he 'd do would be to re-write all his stuff. He was a man of sense, no mug, believe me. His plays are O.K. The meat 's right there. But they need putting into the tongue of the present day. The language of the Common Man ! And dramatising a bit. Once that was done. . . . Why ! " with an enormous sweep of his arm, " We 'd be turning them away all the time ! "

A few nights later placards, gaudy and aggressive, went up in another townlet. They flaunted the following legend :

JASPAR CONDOR
presents
MACBETH
by
Wm. Shakespeare Esq.
DRAMATISED BY
JULIAN PEPPER.

There was no question about it. The inhabitants of the sticks like their Shakespeare in the language of the common man. Jaspar's fit-up company played to capacity everywhere. Jaspar himself got so far out of the red that he upped Julian's salary by two dollars a week ; and, for incentive, presented him with a set of the Complete Works. Julian devilled by day and sometimes played small parts in the evening. But he never seemed able to save enough money to launch another assault upon Hollywood.

It was nearly a year before the company came back to Sargasso. They played to a packed house. After the show, a wiry, spry little man bustled his way backstage and in a voice of astonishing volume for so small a chest, bellowed : " This Pepper guy . . . ! Where is he, someone ? " . .

As it was Julian's ear that took the full blast of the explosive demand, he was able to supply the answer with commendable promptitude. The little man stepped back a pace, the better to survey him.

" H'mm . . ." he grunted. " Look, I got lots of stuff that wants peppin' up. . . . Ha, ha ! That 's good, eh ! I like that ! Ephraim Towers is the name. Hah, thought that might ring a bell. Good loud one, too, eh ? I 'm leaving right now. Say, you under contract here ? No ? That 's jake. . . . I 'll send transport to pick you up in the morning first thing. We 'll fix everything then. Lots of work for you . . ."

Julian arrived at the studios in a mighty limousine at eleven o'clock precisely. He was ushered into a suave waiting-room and left there until three o'clock precisely.

Ephraim Towers, perched on a very high seat behind a very large desk, wasted no time on preliminaries. " Here 's your first job," he said, tossing a book across the desk. " Just do to it what you did with the Bard."

The book lay title side up : *Daffodils and Dowagers.*

" Y-yes, Sir," said Julian.

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H.A.C.	*v. R.A.F., Cranwell.*
R.A.F. Technical Col., Henlow	*v. Army Crusaders.*
R.N. Col., Greenwich	*v. R.N.V.R.*
Centaurs (Oxford U.)	*v. Falcons (Cambridge U.).*

Oxford and Cambridge Universities have been deprived of their Blues in order to level up the strength of the teams and to avoid congestion of fixtures for those who, in addition to their usual matches, provide players for Pegasus.

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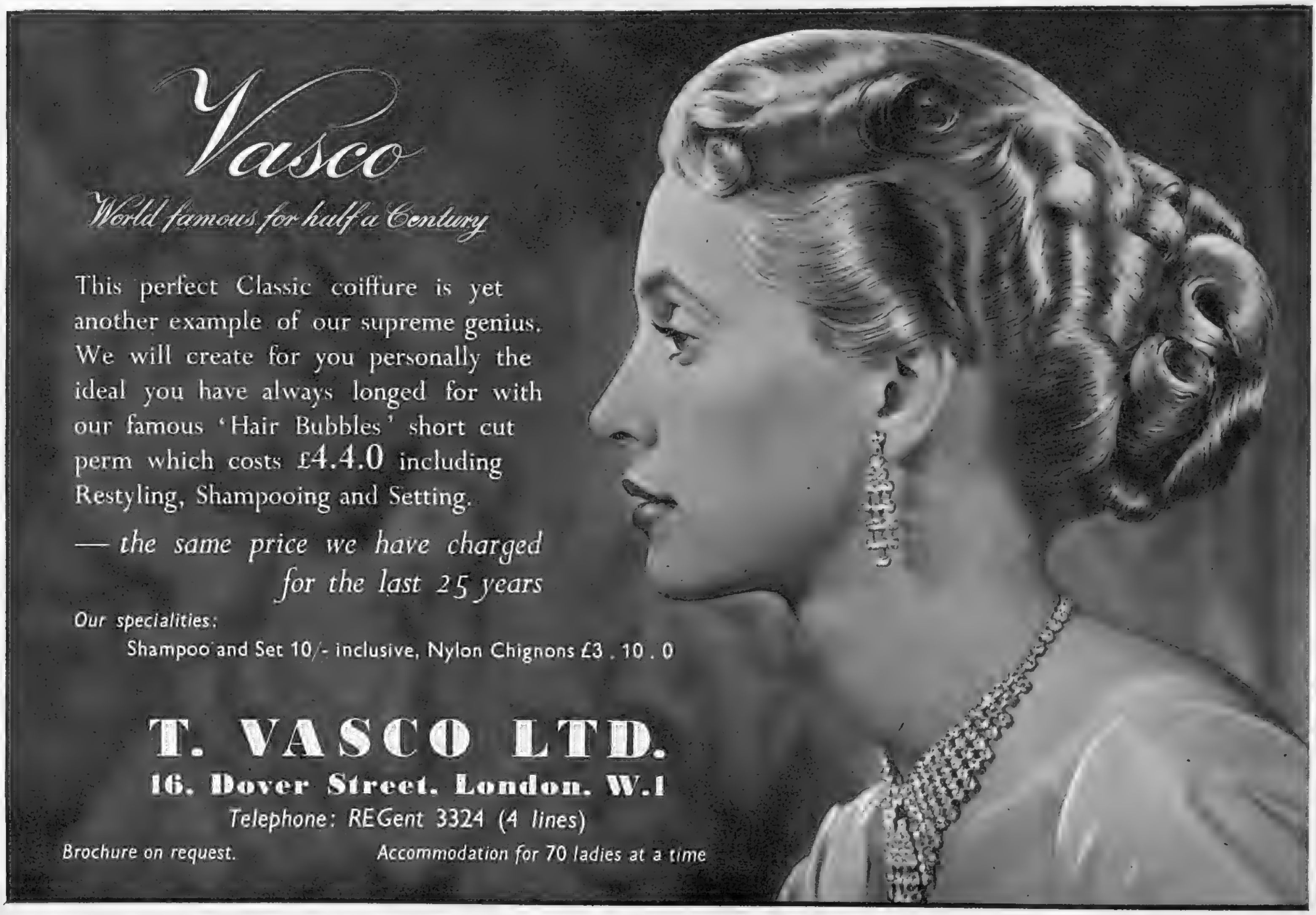

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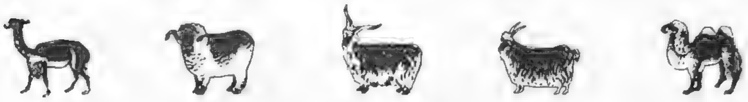

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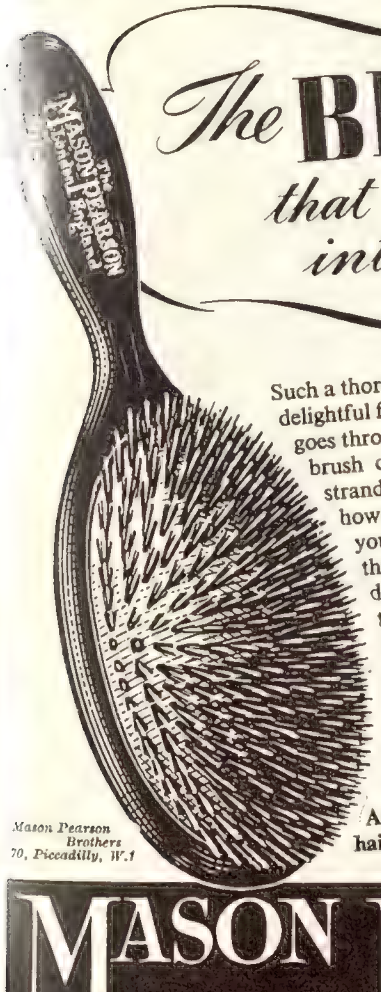

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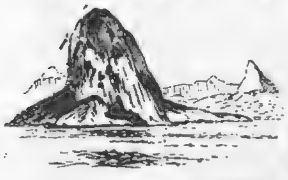

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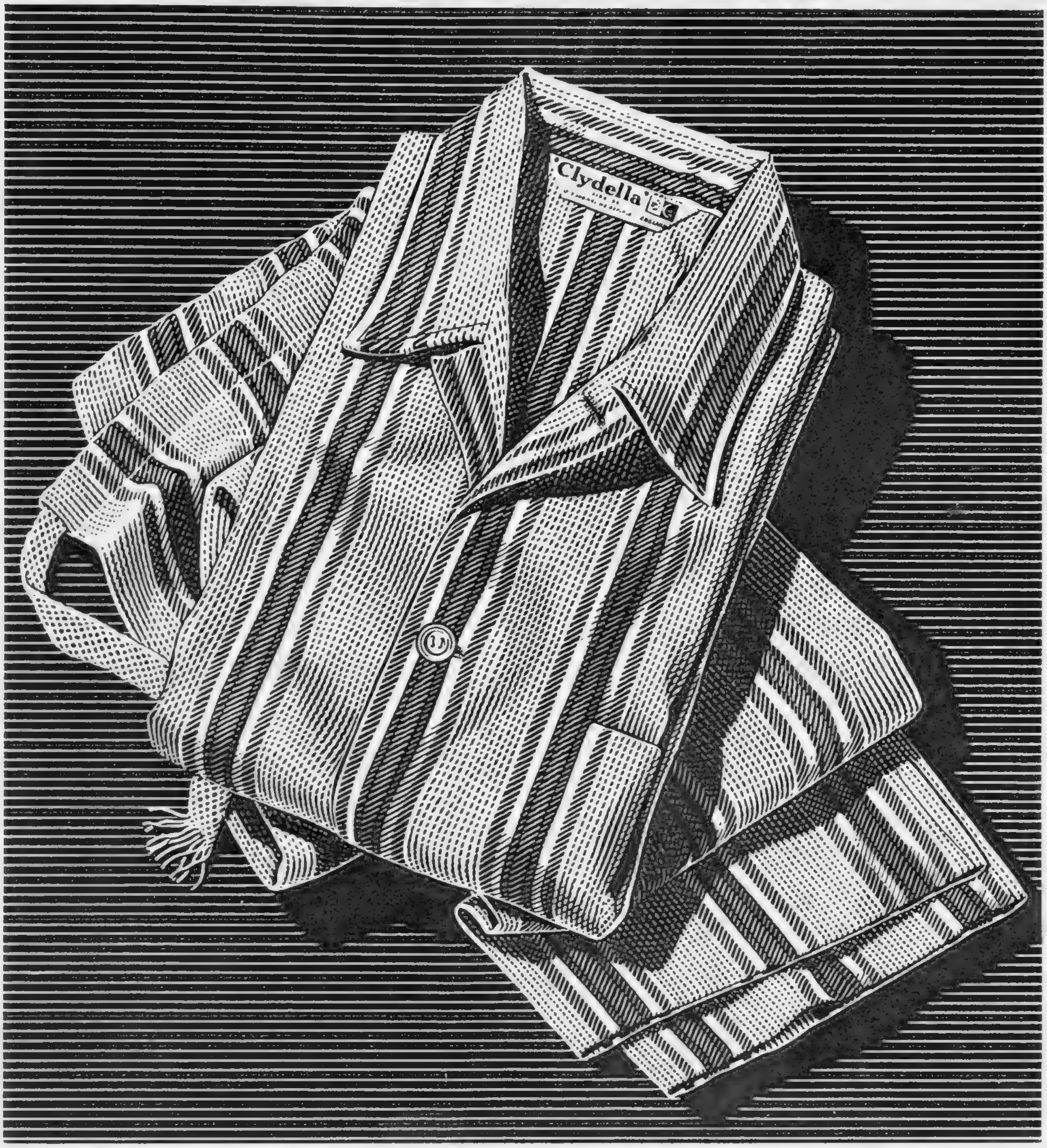

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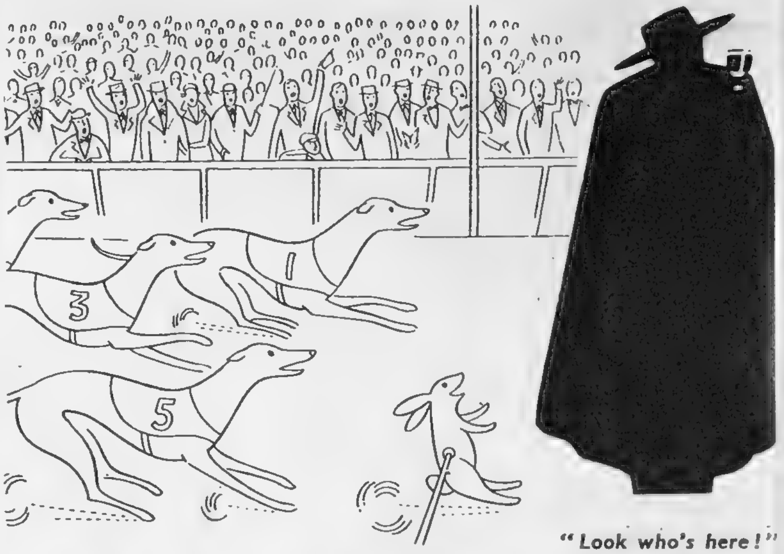

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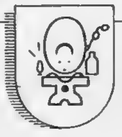

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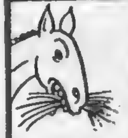

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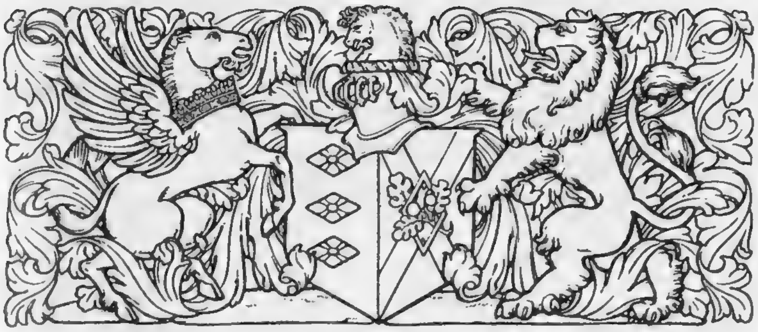

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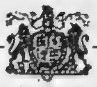

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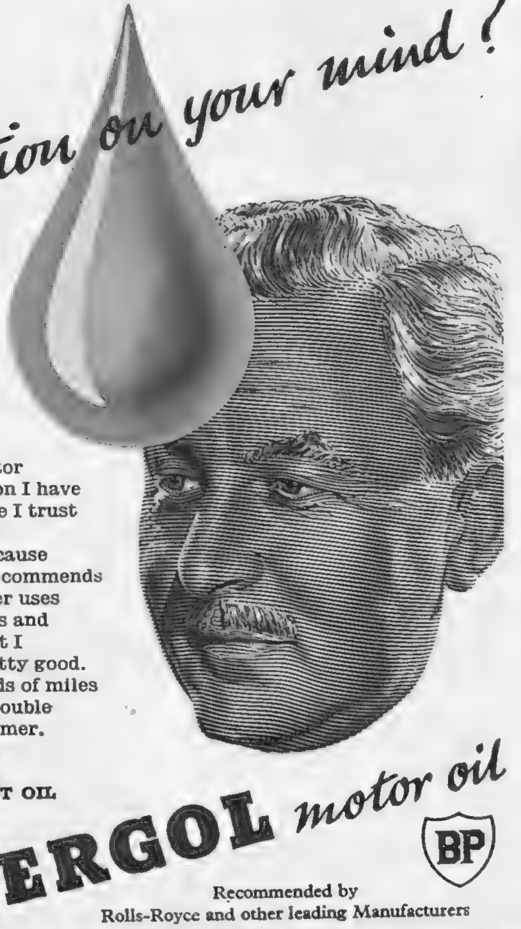

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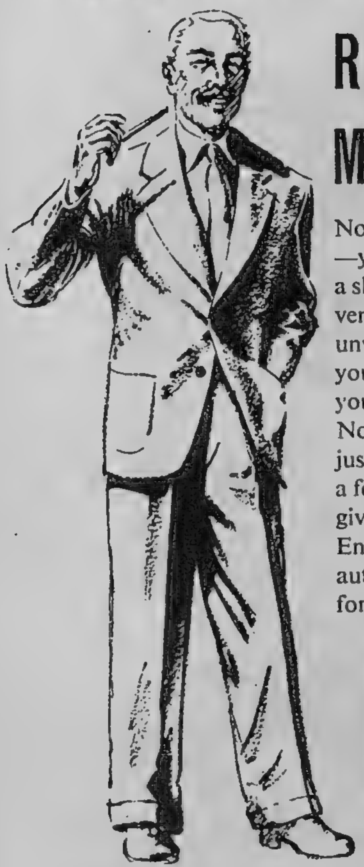

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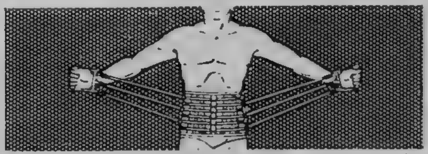

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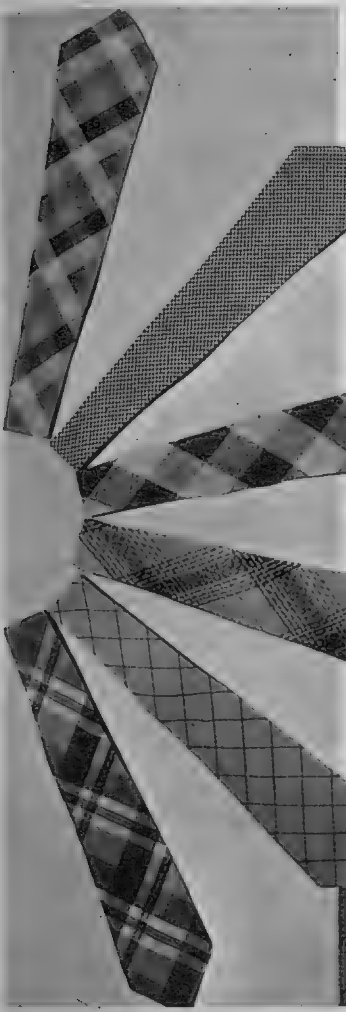

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AUTUMN IN THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, London

AUTUMN, 1879 Entitled *The Waning of the Year*, this picture was painted in 1879 by Ernest Parton ; exhibited in the Royal Academy that year, purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, and presented to the Tate Gallery on its opening in 1897. This Victorian painter specialised in autumn landscapes, and usually introduced into his picture some silver birches.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Arts Council

AUTUMN, 1951 *Autumn Landscape*, by William Gear—bought by the Arts Council for the nation for £500—was on view at the Suffolk Street Galleries in the Show, "60 Paintings for '51." It has caused more bitter controversy than any other painting for many a year. Some have called it "grotesque doodling" others "a piece of lino."

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1951

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THE AGE OF HOGARTH. The middle of the eighteenth century is approaching and the second George is seated firmly on the throne. It is the age of Pope and Dr. Johnson; Reynolds and Hogarth; Handel and Garrick; of the coffee houses of St. James's and Pall Mall and the pleasure gardens at Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

The Metropolis still retains something of the air of a country town (the fields are not yet very far away) with real dairymaids bringing the milk to your doorstep. The cobbled streets present a perpetual pageant. Fop jostles tradesman, the half-pay soldier the attorney's clerk. The wives and daughters of the citizens may still live "over the shop", but they are beginning to dress themselves in silks and satins, and to be carried about in sedan chairs. To take snuff elegantly shows a gentleman's breeding as decisively as the cut of his coat, the cock of his hat or the neatness of his tie wig or lace ruffles.

Business flourishes; prosperity is growing and the great business traditions of Britain are being founded. In 1742 Mr. Samuel Whitbread of Cardington starts up his small brewhouse in the City—to be described only fifty years later as "unparalleled in Europe".

THE HOUSE OF WHITBREAD 1742

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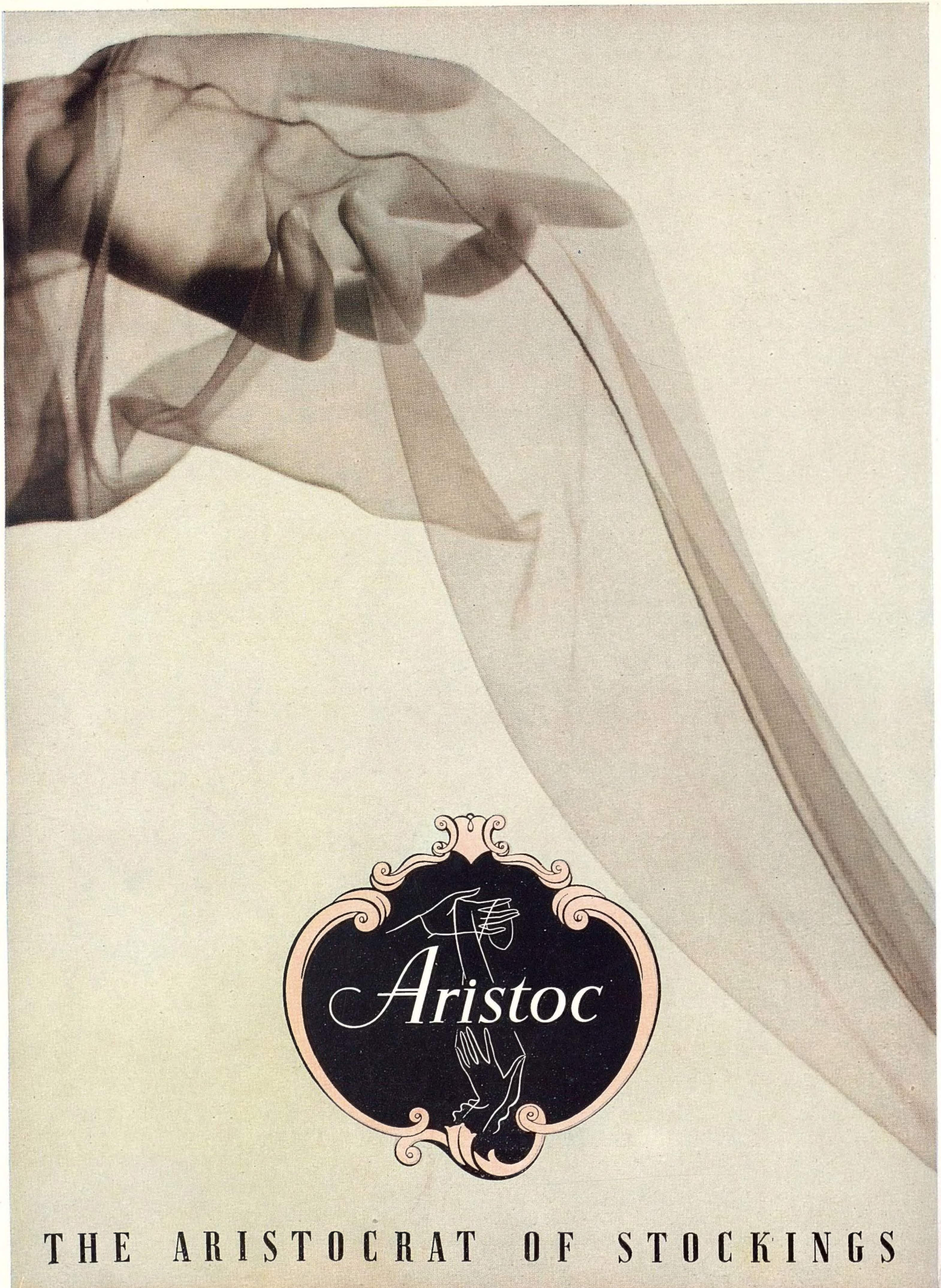
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